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The vast natural resources of Canada provide endless supplies of timber and woodpulp, nickel and zinc, wheat and oats, all of which Britain needs.

To help pay for them the Nuffield Organization is promoting record sales in Canada and is handling the biggest orders ever secured by them from a dollar-area. One single order was worth approximately \$8,000,000. This order was secured in open competition with all comers on the merits of the cars themselves, their quality and

value. It is a telling tribute to the skill which thousands of workers put into the manufacture of these fine vehicles.

Production for these orders is in full swing at the many specialised Nuffield factories all over Britain. Deliveries are being completed with all speed by Nuffield Exports Ltd. in an atmosphere of efficiency and optimism. The dollars, as they are earned, go to buy the Canadian products which are essential to Britain's way-of-life and economy. Meanwhile, the Nuffield

Organization continues to help balance the nation's export budget by making new conquests in the markets of the world. Switzerland and Bermuda, New Zealand and New Guinea — these are but some of the other territories in which Nuffield Products have recently created new export records.

THE NUFFIELD ORGANIZATION

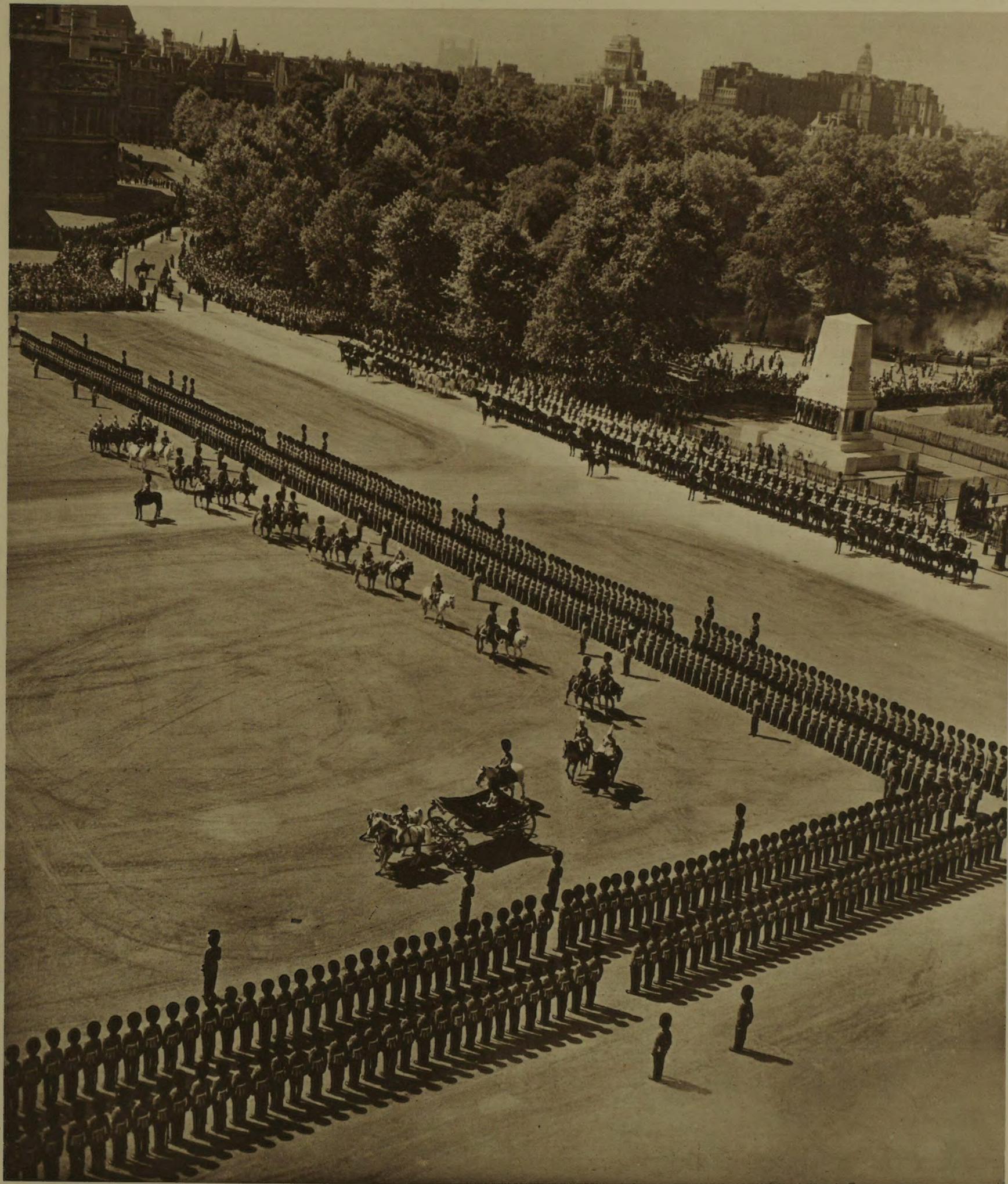
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SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1950.



TRADITIONAL CEREMONIAL IN BRILLIANT SUNSHINE: HIS MAJESTY THE KING, IN AN OPEN LANDAU, INSPECTING THE KING'S BIRTHDAY PARADE OF THE FOOT GUARDS ON HORSE GUARDS PARADE.

On June 8—the King's official birthday—the occasion was marked with even more than the usual traditional ceremonial. It was a day of brilliant sunshine and thousands of Londoners and visitors to London, in gay summer costumes, thronged Horse Guards Parade, the neighbourhood of Buckingham Palace and the processional

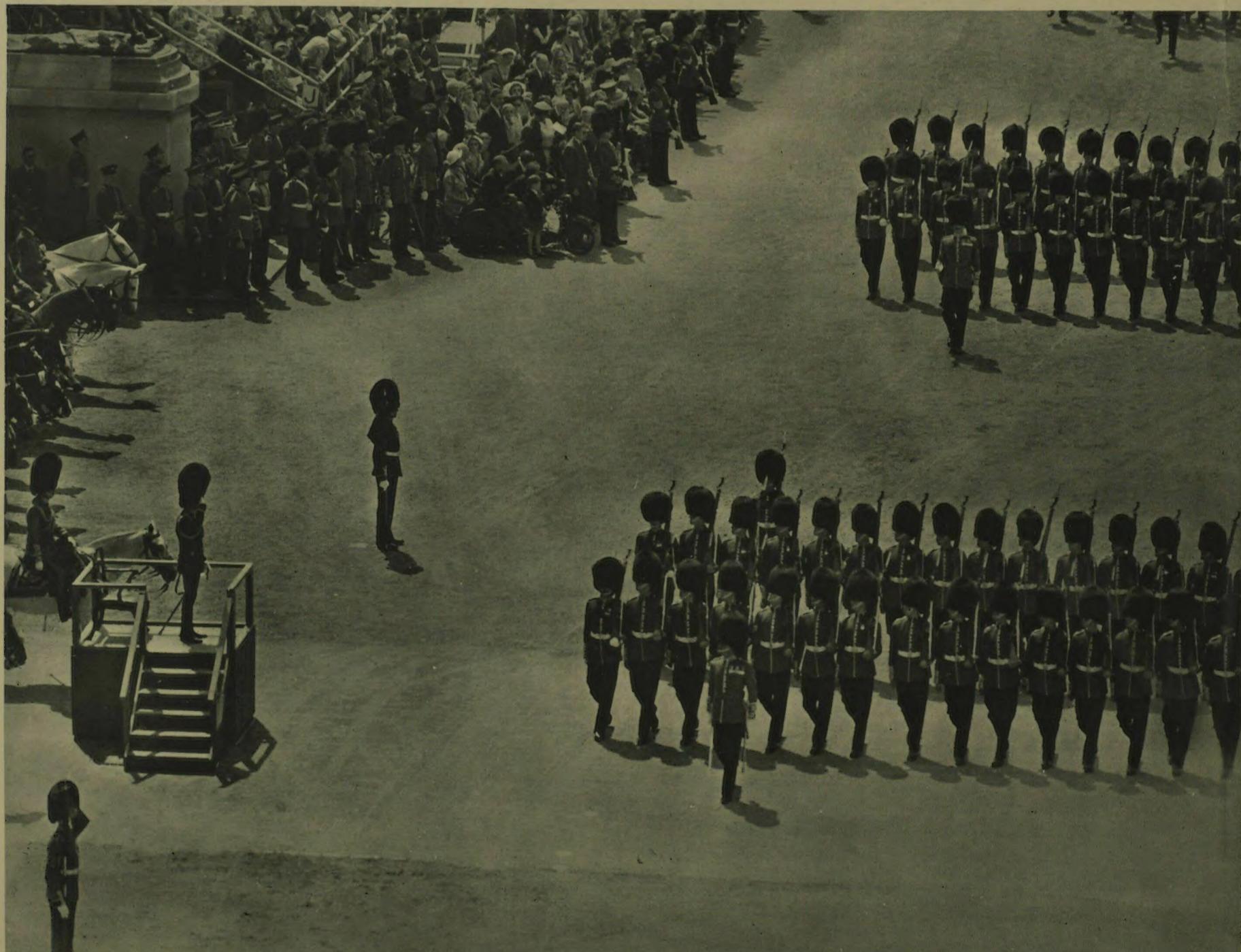
route. The King drove from Buckingham Palace in an open landau drawn by a pair of Windsor greys, with a single postillion in blue livery. The King wore the uniform of the Coldstream Guards, of whom he is Colonel-in-Chief, and whose Colour was trooped in honour of the Regiment's tercentenary.

CEREMONIALS
NEW AND OLD
MARKING THE
KING'S BIRTHDAY :
THE GUARDS'
PAGEANTRY AND
THE R.A.F.'S FIRST
CEREMONIAL
FLY-PAST.

ON our frontispiece and on these two pages we show some scenes of the pageantry, new and old, which marked the King's official birthday on June 8. The time-honoured ceremonies were Trooping the Colour on Horse Guards Parade, and the forty-one-gun salute by The King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery, in Hyde Park. The new ceremony was the ceremonial "fly-past" of aircraft of the Royal Air Force over Buckingham Palace. This was the first of such "fly-pasts" which have been now laid down by the

[Continued below, right.]

(RIGHT.) THE BEGINNING OF A CEREMONIAL TRADITION: LINCOLN BOMBERS, FLYING OVER THE ROYAL STANDARD ON BUCKINGHAM PALACE, ON THE FIRST OCCASION OF THE R.A.F.'S SO MARKING A CEREMONIAL OCCASION OF NATIONAL IMPORTANCE.

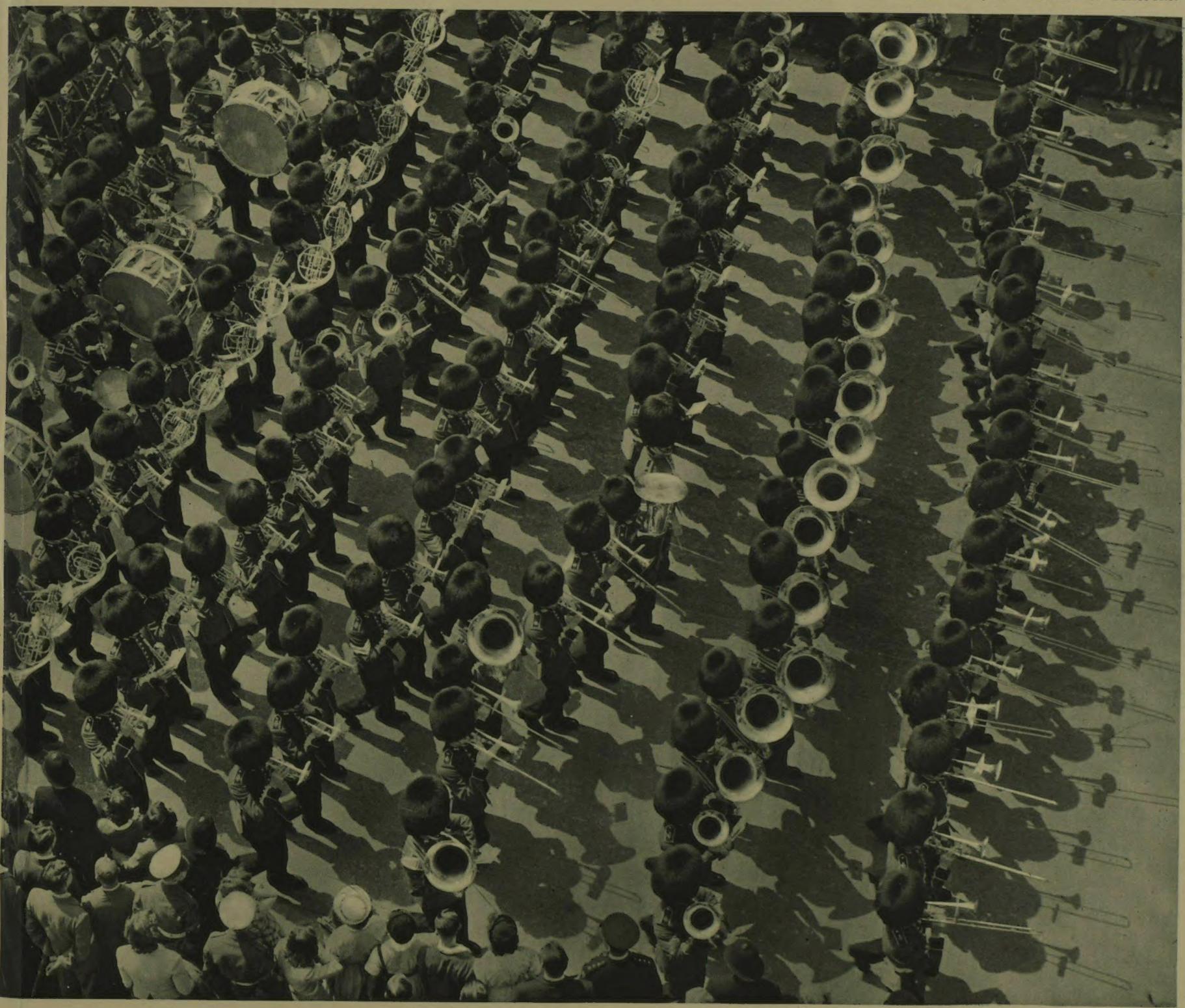


HIS MAJESTY THE KING TAKES THE SALUTE AS COLDSTREAMERS MARCH PAST IN THE TROOPING THE COLOUR PARADE WHICH MARKED THE KING'S OFFICIAL BIRTHDAY. IT IS THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS' TERCENTENARY YEAR, AND THEY PROVIDED THE ESCORT TO THE COLOUR AND NO. 2 GUARD.





WATCHING THE KING'S BIRTHDAY PARADE FROM THE BALCONY OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE: (L. TO R.) LADY PAMELA MOUNTBATTEN; LORD AND LADY MOUNTBATTEN; PRINCE MICHAEL OF KENT; THE DUCHESS OF KENT; THE PRINCESS ROYAL; THE QUEEN; PRINCESS MARGARET; PRINCESS ELIZABETH; LADY PATRICIA RAMSAY; PRINCESS MARIE LOUISE; QUEEN MARY; PRINCE RICHARD OF GLOUCESTER; THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER; PRINCESS ALICE, COUNTESS OF ATHLONE; LADY MAY ABEL SMITH; THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT.



A SYMPHONY OF SUNSHINE, COLOUR, MILITARY MUSIC AND MARCHING MEN: A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH FROM A BIRD'S-EYE VIEWPOINT, SHOWING THE MASSED BANDS OF THE BRIGADE OF GUARDS AS THEY MARCHED OFF HORSE GUARDS PARADE AT THE CONCLUSION OF TROOPING THE COLOUR IN THE KING'S BIRTHDAY PARADE.

Continued.]

R.A.F. and approved by his Majesty to mark ceremonial occasions of national importance, such as the Sovereign's official birthday and such events as the birth of a Royal Prince or Princess, and the wedding of a child of the Sovereign. Trooping the Colour took place in brilliant sunshine and was accented to throw especial honour on the Coldstream Guards,

whose tercentenary year it is. It was the Colour of the 3rd Battalion, The Coldstream Guards, which was trooped, the King wore the uniform of the regiment, of which he is Colonel-in-Chief, and the Coldstream Guards provided the Escort to the Colour and No. 2 Guard.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

WHEN I was a boy I wanted to be the Emperor Napoleon. I wanted to conquer the earth, and I particularly wanted to fight—and win—a lot of battles. To be more precise, for that is what it came to, I wanted a large number of other people to fight them for me while I rode about on a horse directing their efforts and boldly disregarding, where necessary for victory, their casualties. I wanted, it is true, a good many other less harmful things as well. I wanted to play cricket for England, and even more, curiously enough, for Middlesex, to be captain of my school football eleven, to swim the Channel, to wear at one time a velvet suit of a particularly costly kind—this at a very early age—to own a tricycle expensively disguised as one of the early motor-cars, to live happily for ever and ever with a succession of adorable little girls in frilly frocks—now matronly bodies in their fifties—with whom I used to fall wistfully and usually, most painfully, in love at the Christmas parties to which I was dragged with such reluctance from my bloodthirsty games of imagination on the nursery floor. But while these desires changed with chance and the season, my ambition to conquer the world remained constant for a long time. I should add that I was a rather shy little boy, decidedly scruffy, inclined to sulk, and not at all the kind that excelled at anything or was in the least likely to conquer the world. I could not even bring myself to kiss the little girls with whom I fell so sorrowfully in love and in whose company I occasionally used to hide, in a tongue-tied and agonised ecstasy, during games of hide-and-seek and puss-in-the-well at children's parties. Once I remember—it was my birthday—one of them suddenly kissed me, and I nearly fainted with surprise, excitement and a kind of helpless dizziness. I do not know what the Emperor Napoleon would have done under the circumstances, but I am sure it would have been something bold and spectacular. I did

nothing at all. Yet I still went on wanting to conquer the earth. What is more, I spent the greater part of my time planning in great detail how to do so. While my self-sacrificing parents, though not my schoolmasters, who quickly sized up my titanic capacity for inattention and scholastic idleness, thought that I was acquiring knowledge in the most expensive form available, I was in reality drawing elaborate maps of battles, real and imaginary, and planning invasions of every country on earth. Long before Hitler turned his attention to war, and while he was still sentimentalising over architecture in Vienna or splashing paint on window-frames at Munich, my plans for global conquest were complete. I knew all the answers long before the First World War. If winning wars consisted only of drawing up clear-cut plans, which it doesn't, I could have beaten Hitler with my eyes shut!

As I grew older I ceased to want to excel at wars. I became involved in one—a particularly drab, ugly and uninspiring war. I might, after all the thought I had given the matter, conceivably have made a good Field Marshal, but I made a most indifferent lieutenant, which was as far as I ever got or was likely to get in the military hierarchy.

I was no more good at the practical everyday business of war than I was at kissing little girls. Grasping this painful and till now elusive truth—it was a pity, for himself and everyone else, that Hitler didn't grasp it as soon—my ambitions suffered a change for the better. Reaching years of what are sometimes called discretion, but which were in my case, as in most people's, of wild indiscretion, I shifted my target. I came to the conclusion that I wanted to become Prime Minister. Still more curiously I fancied myself suited for the task. I discovered—illusory discovery—that I could

please audiences by speaking in public. Doing so with success, I found that I enjoyed this activity. I also became interested in political ideas. I now wanted, not to conquer the world, but—something.

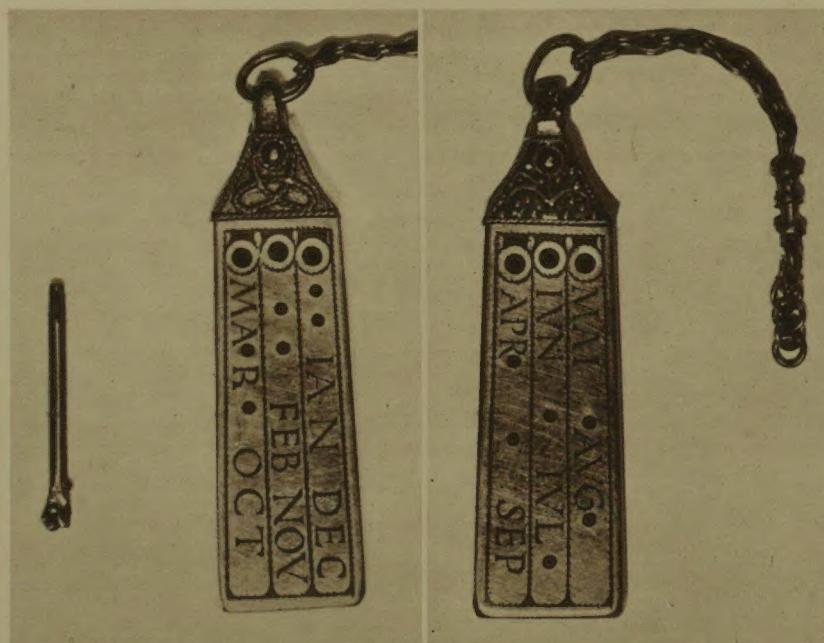
A SAXON "POCKET WATCH."



THE OLDEST ENGLISH POCKET SUNDIAL: A GOLD AND SILVER REPLICA, NOW EXHIBITED IN THE SCIENCE MUSEUM, AND SHOWING THE TIME AS HALF-WAY BETWEEN NOON AND SUNRISE OR SUNSET IN JUNE (OR JULY).



THE SIDES OF THE DIAL. THE LEFT READS "SALVS FACTORI" (HEALTH TO THE MAKER); THE RIGHT "PAX POSSESSORD" (PEACE TO THE OWNER).



THE TWO FACES OF THE SAXON DIAL REPLICA: (LEFT) THE WINTER MONTHS FACE, (RIGHT) THE SUMMER MONTHS. METHOD OF USE DESCRIBED BELOW. REPRODUCED FACSIMILE SIZE.

In July, 1939, a Saxon pocket sundial was unearthed during excavations of the Cloister Garth of Canterbury Cathedral. It dates from the tenth century and is some 400 years older than any other English pocket sundial still in existence. By kind permission of the Dean and Chapter, a copy of this dial has been made (by Mr. Leslie Durbin, maker of the "Sword of Stalingrad") for the Science Museum, South Kensington; and this copy is now on exhibition. It is in the form of a tablet of silver, with a gold cap and chain. The gnomon consists of a gold pin surmounted by a chased animal head with jewelled eyes and a ball in the mouth. Each face of the dial is divided into three columns, and each column bears the names of a pair of months, with a hole above into which the gnomon can be plugged. To use the dial, the gnomon is inserted into the hole corresponding to the month in question, the dial suspended and turned to face the sun. The shadow of the tip of the gnomon shows the approximate time, the higher dot in each column being the position for noon, the lower dot showing a time mid-way between noon and sunrise.

I suppose, only slightly less harmful—to improve it. By enunciating great truths on the platform and later on, as I hoped, in the forum, I should set England on a new road of progress, prosperity and happiness. But with experience I learnt that the art of governing mankind is not achieved by making fine speeches or enunciating lofty ideas. In democratic countries—

in authoritarian ones it is done by Court intrigue—it is only accomplished by a process of infinitely gradual persuasion, insinuation and bargaining carried out in an interminable succession of committees, conferences and meetings, both private and official, between hard-boiled legislators and administrators. It is as boring as foot-slogging—and far less healthy—as exacting and nerve-racking as married life and about as morally elevating as a thieves' kitchen. I never got my foot on even the bottom rung of the ladder to 10, Downing Street—there was far too thick a crowd around it—and I certainly never possessed the qualities that could have got me far up it. So much for ambition!

I have now settled down to advanced middle-age and all its unromantic limitations. I will not say that I am wholly reconciled to it, or that I am yet completely without ambition. I still have pipe-dreams. But they are of a more reasonable, though not necessarily of a more attainable, kind. I want to excel at my own profession and to make things grow: to practise my craft with distinction and to cultivate my garden. What is more, I have reached the conclusion that I am more likely to contribute something, however small, to the sum total of human wisdom and contentment by such means as by directing an army or swaying a senate. Apart from the fact that I have no hope of doing either of these latter things, the former are capable of doing so much less harm. Even if I fail altogether in the task of making my country's past a little more intelligible or my few acres a little more productive, I shall have injured very few in the process. That at least is something, even for a man of failing ambition.

Which brings me to my craft. "The captain of the Hampshire Yeomanry was not unhelpful to the

historian of the Roman Empire." History, like a farm or garden, thrives on the waste products of the past. My former ambitions, futile as they have been, have not been without use to me. It is useful

to a historian to discover, however painfully, how wars are won or not won, and how nations are governed. "I learnt," said the Duke of Wellington of his first campaign, "what a man should do, and that is always something." "In a country like this," the aged Lord Beaconsfield told the ardent young Socialist, Hyndman, "one can sometimes do this," parting his hands very slightly, "and sometimes this, but one can never do that!"—at which the aged politician spread out his hands with a dramatic gesture.

To understand that the business of ruling the world is not what it seems is almost the most important piece of knowledge a historian can learn. There is only one more important: to learn of what stuff men are made. For history, rightly understood and interpreted, is not a science, nor is it an art, certainly not, at least, an art for its own sake. It is a species of education: the most valuable, I fancy, of all forms of education, because at once, life being what it is, the most inclusive and least discredited, and the one at the same time most closely founded on ascertained fact and reality. That is why I believe the study of the Bible and of the classics to be the most valuable of all studies for a man who would lead or be of commanding service to his fellow men. The best historian is he who, by a truthful and balanced presentation of the human experiences of the past, clarifies in a flash of poetry the realities of the present. He makes the road along which

man gropes his way a little less dark by raising a lantern. He does not outline the boulders and pitfalls beyond its faint and feeble compass, but, showing the traveller the surface of the road by which he has just come, he enables him to guess what it is like ahead and to conceive something of its purpose.

"SECOND TO NONE": THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS.



THE UNIFORM OF THE FIRST COLD- STREAMERS: A MUSQUETEER OF "MONCK'S REGIMENT OF FOOT."



THE UNIFORM IN WHICH COLD- STREAMERS FOUGHT AT DETTINGEN: A PRIVATE OF 1742.

THIS year the Coldstream Regiment of Foot Guards is celebrating the tercentenary of its formation with various ceremonies. On May 30 his Majesty the King dined with the Nulli Secundus Club and was presented with a sword by the members, and on the King's Birthday Parade the 3rd Battalion provided the Escort to the Colour and No. 2 Guard. On July 5 his Majesty has arranged to [Continued opposite.]



HOLDING THE HALBERD WITH WHICH THE RANKS WERE DRESSED: A SERGEANT OF 1775.

THE TERCENTENARY OF A FAMOUS REGIMENT.

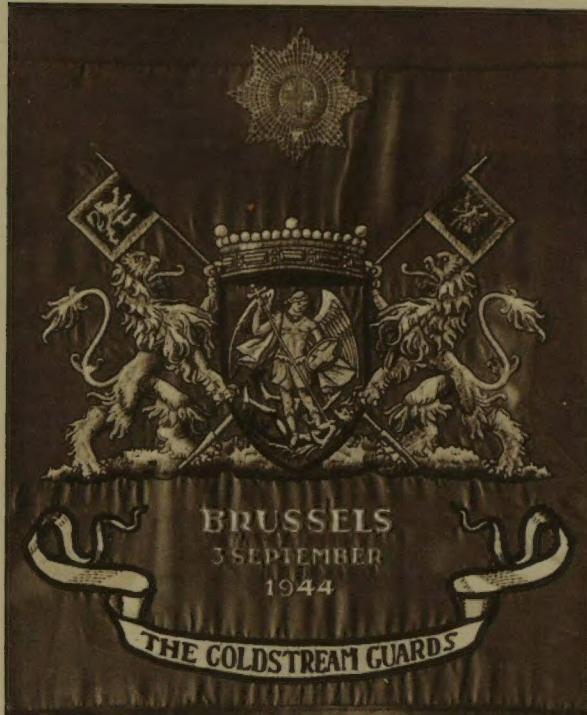
Continued. present new Colours to the 3rd Battalion at a Regimental Parade on the Horse Guards and in August the Band, the 3rd Battalion Drums and a party of three officers and 100 other ranks are to visit Newcastle-on-Tyne and Berwick-on-Tweed, from which the original companies were drawn to form Monck's Regiment of Foot in 1650. The Coldstream Guards is the direct descendant of the New [Continued below.]



AN OFFICER OF THE COLD- STREAM REGIMENT OF FOOT GUARDS IN 1795.



WEARING THE BEARSKIN OF TO-DAY WITH THE ADDITION OF A BADGE: AN OFFICER OF 1839.



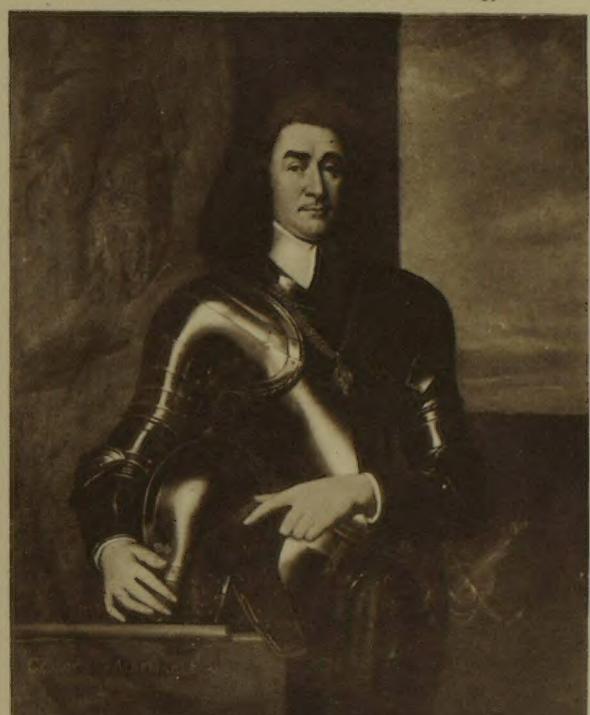
PRESENTED TO THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS ON JULY 28, 1945, BY THE MUNICIPALITY OF BRUSSELS: A STANDARD COMMEMORATING THE LIBERATION OF THE CITY.



A TREASURED POSSESSION OF THE REGIMENT: THE HUNTING-HORN SOONDED BY LIEUT-COLONEL JOHN VAUGHAN CAMPBELL, V.C., WHEN LEADING HIS MEN AGAINST THE GERMANS IN 1916.



COMMEMORATING A GALLANT ACTION BY THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS AT WATERLOO: A PORTION OF THE CHARRED BEAM OF THE GATES OF HOUGOUONT.



THE FIRST COLONEL OF THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS, 1650-69: A PORTRAIT OF GEORGE MONCK, DUKE OF ALBEMARLE, BY SIR PETER LELY.

INCLUDING A NEGRO BANDSMAN WITH A SET OF TURKISH BELLS: MODEL COLDSTREAMERS WEARING THE UNIFORMS OF (FROM L. TO R.) 1660, 1760, 1794, 1820, 1830, 1830, 1832, AND 1832. IN THE EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY THERE WERE THREE NEGROES ON THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE BAND, BUT THEY WERE DISPENSED WITH IN 1837. *Continued.*

Model Army, and so is one of the oldest of British regiments. After its formation the Regiment served in Scotland and the Border Country, and in the winter of 1659-1660 was stationed at Coldstream, whence it marched to London to support the restoration of Charles II. to the throne. In 1661 the Regiment laid down its arms on Tower Hill in the name of the Commonwealth and immediately took them up

again in the name of the King. Since then it has taken part in every major campaign in which the British Army has been involved, except the Indian Mutiny, and has lived up to its proud motto "Nulli Secundus." On this page we illustrate early uniforms of this famous Regiment and some of its treasured possessions. In full dress the Coldstreamer wears a bearskin with a red plume on the right side.

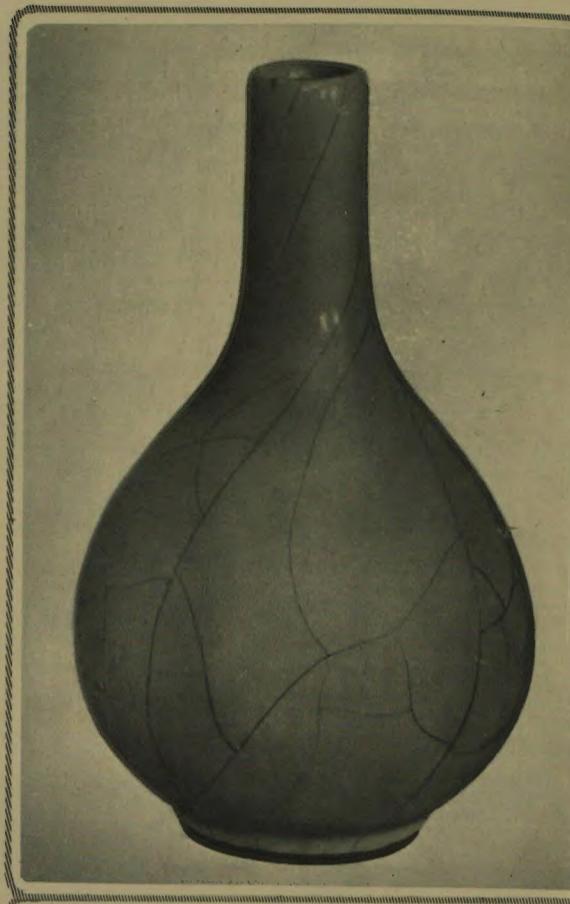
Photographs specially taken for "The Illustrated London News."

THE DAVID CHINESE CERAMICS—FOR LONDON
UNIVERSITY: A SELECTION OF TYPICAL PIECES.



BOWL (*WAN*) IN *JU* WARE (SUNG, 960 A.D.—1279). LAVENDER GLAZE WITH PURPLE CRACKLE, INSCRIBED WITH AN IMPERIAL POEM BY CH'EN LUNG. (Diameter 6'6 ins.)

SIR PERCIVAL DAVID'S splendid gift of his collection of Chinese ceramics, together with the great library he has assembled on the subject, to the University of London is of an importance which cannot be over-estimated. He is not only a collector of rare taste and discrimination but a great scholar. Thus, as was pointed out in an article in *The Times* by a special correspondent, "His collection is, therefore, not merely an accumulation of beautiful specimens, but a series of picked examples of the finest quality, typifying the products of the famous kilns of China in the periods to which Sir Percival has devoted his chief attention." Its range embraces the wares of the Sung Dynasty (960 A.D.—1279), the short-lived Yüan [Continued below.]



BOTTLE (*T'AN PING*) OF *KUAN* WARE (SUNG), PEAR-SHAPED WITH SLENDER NECK. THE GLAZE IS THICK AND OPAQUE AND OF SLIGHTLY GREENISH-GREY COLOUR. (Height 8'6 ins.)



VASE (*MEI PING*) OF *TING* WARE (SUNG). PORCELAIN, WITH IVORY GLAZE COVERING CARVED FLOWER DESIGNS. KNOWN IN CHINA AS "THE RAINDROP VASE." (Height 14'5 ins.)



INCENSE VASE (*HSIANG HU*) IN *KO* WARE WITH ASH-GREY CRACKLED GLAZE INSCRIBED WITH AN IMPERIAL POEM BY CH'EN LUNG COMPOSED IN THE CYCLICAL YEAR *CHI YU* (A.D. 1789). (Diameter, with handles, 6'5 ins.)

Continued.]
Dynasty (1280-1368), the Ming Dynasty (1368-1644), and the first hundred years or so of the Ch'ing Dynasty (1644-1912), and it is certainly the finest collection of its kind in Europe. On these pages we reproduce a small selection from this famous assemblage, made by Mr. A. L. Hetherington, the well-known authority, as typical of the range and quality of the specimens contained in it. No fewer than seventy of the Percival David pieces were originally in the Palace collections, and, of these, [Continued above, right.]



(LEFT.) STEM CUP (*PA PEI*) OF *CHUN* WARE (SUNG). THE OUTSIDE COLOUR IS PURPLE, FROSTED WITH GREY, PASSING INTO CRIMSON AT THE MOUTH. (Height 3'65 ins.)



INCENSE VASE WITH THREE FEET IN THE FORM OF AN ARCHAIC BRONZE *DING*. CHANG LUNG-CH'UAN WARE, WITH BLUISH-GREY CELADON GLAZE (SUNG). (Diameter 5'3 ins.)



VASE (FENG-WEI-PING) OF LUNG CH'UAN CELADON (YUAN DYNASTY, 1280-1368) IN BALUSTER FORM DECORATED IN APPLIED RELIEF. INSCRIBED ON THE LIP AND DATED A.D. 1327. (Height 20 ins.)

Continued. twenty are inscribed with poems composed by the Emperor Ch'ien Lung (1735-1796). This monarch was a connoisseur, and when an antique specimen specially pleased him, he was wont to compose a poem about it. This was the case with the Bowl in Ju ware and the Incense Vase in Ko ware reproduced on our left-hand page. The Yuan Dynasty vase of Lung Ch'u'an Celadon bears an inscription recording that "Chang Chin-Ch'eng of the hamlet Wan-an (Shé) by the Liu (hua) hill at Chien-ch'u'an in Kuats'ang, a humble believer in the Three Precious Ones (i.e., Buddhism) has baked a pair of large flower vases to be placed for evermore before the Buddha in the Great Hall of the Chio-lin Yuan (Temple) with the prayer that the blessings of peace, happiness and prosperity may attend his family." It is dated in the cyclical year ting mao, fourth year

[Continued below, left.]



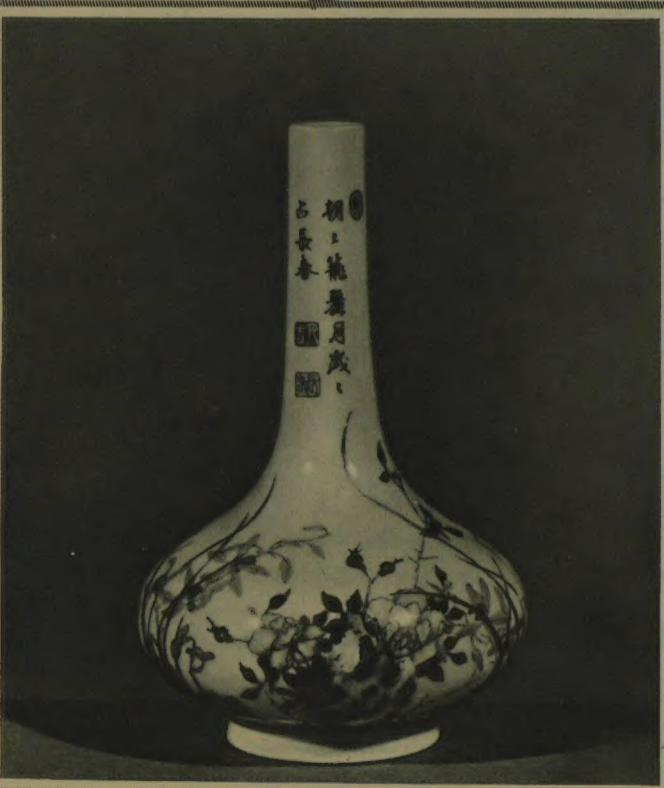
LIBATION CUP (CHÜEH), HELMET-SHAPED, WITH DRAGONS IN WHITE BISCUIT IN A GROUND OF DARK BLUE GLAZE. CHIACHING (1522-1566). (MING DYNASTY.) (Height 59 ins.)



(RIGHT.) BOWL (WAN) OF EGG-SHELL PORCELAIN PAINTED IN DELICATE TRANSLUCENT ENAMELS, WITH A DESIGN OF A GRAPE-VINE AND BUTTERFLIES. CH'ENG-HUA (1465-1487). (MING DYNASTY.) (Diameter 6'2 ins.)



FLASK (PIEN HU) OF DOUBLE-GOURD SHAPE WITH TWO LOOP HANDLES. HSUAN-TÉ (1426-1435). (MING DYNASTY.) PORCELAIN PAINTED IN DARK MOTTLED BLUE UNDER THE GLAZE. (Height 10'2 ins.)



Continued. special institute to house the collection and to provide facilities for study and research on the subject, for which a large sum of money was provided. Post-war difficulties have prevented the construction of a special building, but suitable premises have been found in the University precincts, and are being converted to this purpose, and it is hoped that the great collection will be on view in the late autumn of this year. It has been stored in cases since 1939. Although this will only provide a temporary home for the collection, it will make it possible for a part, at least, of the object of Sir Percival David's splendid gift to be realised.

(LEFT.) BOTTLE (TIAN PING) IN EGG-SHELL PORCELAIN DECORATED WITH A ROCK, FLOWERS AND A POEM IN FAMILLE ROSE ENAMELS. CH'IEH LUNG (1736-1795). (CH'ING DYNASTY.) (Height 5'5 ins.)



(RIGHT.) PILGRIM BOTTLE (PIEN HU). PORCELAIN WITH FLOWERS, BIRDS AND BUTTERFLIES IN FAMILLE ROSE ENAMELS. YUNG-CH'ENG (1723-1735). (CH'ING DYNASTY.) (Height 11'6 ins.)



A ROYAL VISIT TO THE GREAT ENGLISH SCHOOL WHICH "SUFFERED MOST FROM THE RAVAGES OF WAR": THE SCENE IN THE COLLEGE GARDEN AS THEIR MAJESTIES WALKED TOWARDS THE RECONSTRUCTED COLLEGE DORMITORY AT WESTMINSTER SCHOOL ON JUNE 6.



WELCOMED BY CHEERING SCHOOLBOYS: THE QUEEN, ACCOMPANIED BY THE HEADMASTER, MR. WALTER HAMILTON, AND FOLLOWED BY THE KING WITH THE MASTER OF THE KING'S SCHOLARS, MR. JOHN CARLETON, WALKING TOWARDS ASHBURNHAM HOUSE DURING THEIR VISIT TO WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

"VIVAT REX": THE ROYAL VISIT TO WESTMINSTER SCHOOL, WHERE HIS MAJESTY REOPENED COLLEGE DORMITORY.

On June 6, a brilliant summer day and the sixth anniversary of D-Day, the King and Queen paid a visit to Westminster School, where his Majesty reopened the eighteenth-century College Dormitory, designed by Christopher Wren, which nine years ago was burnt out by German incendiary bombs. After attending a service of thanksgiving in Westminster Abbey, the King, accompanied by the Queen, opened the rebuilt dormitory. The Captain of the School, Stephen Barrett,

offered the King and Queen a welcome from the scholars in Latin. The King in reply recalled the courtesy paid at his Coronation by the Royal scholars of Westminster who raised in the Abbey their historic cries of "Vivat," and said that the school occupies "a unique position at the heart of the national life." Ringing cheers greeted the King's request to the headmaster to add a week to the summer holiday. Their Majesties afterwards took tea in the College garden.



ROYAL MOTHERHOOD: HR.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND HER BABY SON HR.H. PRINCE CHARLES.

No more beautiful study of young motherhood could be imagined than this colour photograph of the Heir-Presumptive to the Throne and her son, Prince Charles, who was born on November 14, 1948. It was announced on April 18 that the Princess would undertake no further public engagements, and it is understood that her Royal Highness is expecting the birth of a second child during the late

summer. During the past year she has paid two visits to Malta, where the Duke of Edinburgh is serving with the Mediterranean Fleet—flying out for the first in November, 1949, and the second on March 28, 1950. She returned to this country by air on May 10. During her recent absence Prince Charles paid his first visit to Windsor Castle, but was at Clarence House to greet his mother on her return.

From a colour photograph by Marcus Adams, F.R.P.S.



MIAMI.

Long, full, elegant buds of Chinese orange, of which the inside petals pale as the flower opens. Fragrant and vigorous with olive-green foliage. National Rose Society's Certificate of Merit.



POULSEN'S COPPER.

A polyantha bedding-rose, vigorous but not so crowded with flowers as the usual "Poulsen" roses. The blooms are a rosy cerise with varying copper-yellow tones, appearing freely through the season.



SYMPHONIE.

Winner of the National Rose Society's Gold Medal and an R.H.S. Award of Merit. Large, perfectly-formed flowers of rich carmine on a silvery base, veined with deeper rose. Sweetly scented.



NANKIN.

A fine variety for the lovers of true self-coloured roses. Fine, full flowers of glistening pure primrose, abundantly produced above dull-green foliage. National Rose Society's Certificate of Merit.

"EACH MORN A THOUSAND ROSES BRINGS": RECENT VARIETIES OF SUMMER'S LOVELIEST FLOWER.

When, in early Stuart times, Thomas Carew sang: "Ask me no more where Jove bestows, When June is past, the fading rose," he was reckoning, not unnaturally, without the modern rose-grower's art. But though nowadays nearly all roses have a September as well as a June season, though many produce flowers throughout the summer and some, in mild seaside districts, until the approach of Christmas, still June

is, above all months, the high season of flowers in England, with the Rose as the favourite, the loveliest, the Queen of the flowers of June. And now, with the glories of Chelsea still strong in our memories and the National Rose Society's Show soon to come (on June 30), our full-colour illustrations of some of the finest of recently introduced roses testify to the success of the rose-breeders' art.

("Miami," "Symphonie" and "Nankin" were photographed at the nurseries of Wheatcroft of Nottingham; "Poulsen's Copper" at those of R. Harkness and Co. at Hitchin.)



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



THE lilies of the world have been singularly wise—or uncommonly fortunate—in their choice of monographers. In 1935 gardeners were delighted to welcome that most excellent

book, "Lilies: Their Culture and Management," by Judge Woodcock and Mr. J. Coutts, of Kew. To-day that book is superseded by an even finer and more comprehensive work, "Lilies of the World,"* by Judge Woodcock and Mr. W. T. Stearn. Built on the foundations of the earlier book, "Lilies of the World" contains an immense amount of new material, and includes, moreover, *Nomocharis* and allied groups.

It would be difficult to find a better team to do justice to that loveliest of flower families, the lilies, than Judge Woodcock, an accomplished amateur gardener who has specialised in cultivating them, and has successfully grown more species and varieties than most men, and Mr. W. T. Stearn, botanist and Librarian to the Royal Horticultural Society. Mr. Stearn is a botanist of no ordinary kind. Not only is he a specialist in botanical accuracy to the last stipule and the ultimate authority, but he has a real human feeling for plants, not merely as desiccated herbarium specimens, but as living, growing delights for the garden. In fact, he, too, like Judge Woodcock, is a practising gardener, though perhaps in a smaller way. In addition, Mr. Stearn has had the advantage of working with the great R.H.S. Lindley Library at his elbow, and of carrying the greater part of it—as far as I have been able to judge—in his head.

"Lilies of the World" is a monograph of the great lily family, one of the most important, and quite one of the loveliest of all families of garden plants, describing almost every known species, and illustrating most of them. And what magnificent illustrations they are, both line drawings and diagrams, and the photographs.

The frontispiece is a remarkable photograph of the Giant Lily, growing wild in the Nayü Chu Valley, Kongbo district of South-Eastern Tibet, by G. Sherriff. A lovely half-open woodland scene, with a colony of the great stately lilies—which, by the by, are no longer lilies but *cardiocrinums*—towering above their huge, glossy, heart-shaped leaves, just as one sees them in the R.H.S. woodland garden at Wisley. Another interesting photograph, this time by F. Kingdon Ward, shows *Lilium wallichianum* growing wild on a steep hillside in Northern Assam. A third, by the late E. H. Wilson, is of *L. auratum* growing wild at Wadamura, in the Uzen province of Japan. Most of the photographs, however, are either studio portraits or of groups or specimens growing in gardens, and all are of the highest order. With regard to what we have all known for so long as *Lilium giganteum*, and its change of name to *Cardiocrinum giganteum*, gardeners may be forgiven if they are somewhat irked at the alteration. But there are perfectly sound and watertight reasons for the change. The name "*Cardiocrinum*" has come to stay, and the sooner we learn to roll it off our tongues and realise that those noble waxen trumpets still smell as sweet, the better.

"Lilies of the World" covers almost every aspect of lilies and their cultivation: their place in the garden—the herbaceous border, the shrubbery, the

LILIES OF THE WORLD.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

rock garden, the wild and the wood garden, etc.; lilies in pots—an excellent form of cultivation, especially for town-dwellers and balcony-owners; propagation by seed, scales, aerial bulbs and underground bulbils; hybridisation, a comparatively recent and most fascinating and valuable development; enemies of the lily, pests and diseases; botanical classification and geographical distribution, and so forth.

The average amateur gardener grows surprisingly few lilies, which is a grievous pity, in view of their outstanding beauty and the ease with which many more than the half-dozen or so popular kinds may be grown, and well grown.

less. "Lilies of the World" tells which are the easy and which the temperamental species, and it tells with authority how to grow both kinds. With such a guide one can choose many beautiful lilies that are suited to one's climate and soil conditions, and, buying a bulb at a time if necessary, make them not a dead loss, but an ever-increasing asset. (See chapter on propagation.)

If you feel that you cannot afford to buy a copy of "Lilies of the World," I suggest that you get it from your lending library or, if you do not subscribe to one, then go to the nearest public library. Spend an hour or so looking up the best easy lilies, and I guarantee that you will buy the book in the end, or persuade your family to give it to you at Christmas. There's no excuse.

Not so many years ago the superb *Lilium auratum* was among the most popular and widely planted of lilies in this country. I say "planted," rather than "grown," advisedly. Bulbs were produced in Japan, almost as a field crop, shipped to this country in vast quantities, and sold at a comparatively low rate. Usually they flowered once, on capital, so to speak, but after that most of them either died at once or lingered for a year or two at most. They came shorn of their roots, and full of disease, induced probably by overfeeding. A bad investment. I remember my father buying a crate of several hundred *auratum* bulbs, and planting them among the rhododendrons. In three years not one was left alive.

More recently a new industry has been started in British Columbia—the raising of *L. auratum* from seed. On a smaller scale they are being raised in this country. On a still smaller scale I have raised them myself, and my bulbs are running up for their second crop of flower. *L. auratum* bulbs, raised from seed, and grown under normal healthy conditions without over-doses of Japanese night-soil are a good investment. It was good to see such *auratums* exhibited this year at the Chelsea Flower Show. The story of the British Columbian enterprise is told in "Lilies of the World."

So, too, is the romantic story of Farrer's chance discovery of the magnificent *Lilium leucanthum centifolium* as he rode out of Siku, in Kansu, for the last time, and how he secured and sent home the seeds. The first seedling flowered in 1918 in Mr.

E. A. Bowles's garden at Enfield. It then bore one flower on a 3-ft. stem, but in 1919 the plants reached 6 ft., one stem carrying fifteen flowers. At about the same time, in 1915 or 1916, the late Sir Isaac Bailey Balfour gave me a seedling bulblet of this lily in a thumb-pot, under its collector's number, F.316. I planted it out in scree soil composed mostly of limestone chips. At its second flowering it produced five or six of its magnificent white trumpets on a 5-ft. stem. This I cut and took to an R.H.S. show where, under the name that it then bore, *L. brownii* var. *Kansuense*, it received a First Class Certificate (1920). In my ignorance, and having no sort of clue as to its requirements, I had planted my tiny bulb in limy soil with sharp drainage, and succeeded. In my absence a busybody with assumed authority transplanted my precious single bulb to a border of loam, where it died.

"Lilies of the World" is a grand book, full of wisdom and good counsel, well-produced, beautifully illustrated and, thanks be, eminently readable.

* "Lilies of the World: their Cultivation and Classification." By Hubert B. Drysdale Woodcock, K.C., F.L.S., and William Thomas Stearn, F.L.S. 133 photographic illustrations, 136 line drawings. (London, Country Life Ltd.; 35s.: New York, Charles Scribner's Sons.)



"THE NOBLEST OF THEM ALL": THE GIANT LILY, PHOTOGRAPHED AS IT GROWS IN WOODLAND IN SOUTH-EASTERN TIBET. THE MASSIVE STEMS REACH HEIGHTS OF BETWEEN 6 AND 12 FT.

This photograph, which was taken by Major G. Sherriff, and which is reproduced by courtesy of the publishers, Country Life, Ltd., from the book "Lilies of the World" (discussed on this page), shows that tremendous lily which has been known for a considerable number of years to gardeners as *Lilium giganteum*. Its name has been changed of recent years to *Cardiocrinum giganteum*. It carries as many as twenty flowers to a stem, each about 6 ins. long, and white with reddish-purple stripes and a greenish exterior. It grows from Simla eastwards to the extreme north of Burma, and in the Central Himalaya, "the hill-people make musical pipes of the hollow stems."

The big, the popular, six are, I suppose, *Lilium candidum*, the white madonna lily, *L. tigrinum*; *L. regale*, *L. croceum* and *L. testaceum*; that is five, and for a sixth—it's difficult to think of a sixth which really is a common garden plant, and not almost verging on the highbrow. But it would be easy to find a dozen other species in the pages of Woodcock and Stearn, which on account of their beauty and easy culture, have every right to find themselves grown by the million—by "the million." There are probably two main reasons why more lilies and a greater variety of species are not more popularly grown. Price is almost certainly the main factor, supplemented by lack of knowledge and lack of enterprise. Gardeners of moderate means hesitate to spend several shillings on a single-lily bulb, and are apt to assume that because it costs several shillings it is therefore difficult to grow, and so may soon become a dead loss. Yet they willingly spend an equal number of shillings on cut flowers from the florists, which they know perfectly well will be a dead loss in a week or

**PLAYING AN IMPORTANT EDUCATIONAL RÔLE:
THE BRUCE CASTLE MUSEUM AT TOTTENHAM.**



SHOWING HIS PUPILS HOW THE ROMANS LIVED: A MASTER AT THE CARTER HATCH LANE SCHOOL USES A SCALE MODEL OF A ROMAN VILLA LOANED BY THE MUSEUM.



MAKING HISTORY LIVE: A MASTER, AIDED BY A SCALE-MODEL BORROWED FROM THE MUSEUM, EXPLAINS A ROMAN HEATING SYSTEM.



THE MUSEUM MODEL-MAKER: MR. H. J. WARREN, WHO HAS BEEN MAKING MODELS FOR THE BRUCE CASTLE MUSEUM FOR TWENTY YEARS, IS WATCHED BY BOYS FROM MIDDLESEX SCHOOLS.



MAKING A SCALE MODEL OF AN EARLY VICTORIAN MAIL-CART: MR. WARREN AT THE BRUCE CASTLE MUSEUM, WHERE THERE IS A PERMANENT POST OFFICE EXHIBITION.

EDUCATION authorities to-day emphasise the importance of visual aids in schools, but not all are as fortunate as schools in Middlesex which are able to visit the Bruce Castle Museum at Tottenham. This museum, which was originally opened in 1906 but was completely modernised just before the last war, has a permanent collection on the ground and first floors which serves as an introduction to world history. Modern methods of making the exhibits interesting are employed, and there are special children's and lecture rooms, and a students' reference library. The museum has a first-class "exhibition recording the history of Tottenham, and also houses a

MAKING HISTORY LIVE WITH VISUAL AIDS:
CHILDREN STUDYING SCALE MODELS IN CLASS.



A MODEL WHICH TAKES APART TO SHOW THE DETAILS OF CONSTRUCTION: CHILDREN VISITING THE BRUCE CASTLE MUSEUM ARE INTERESTED AS WELL AS INSTRUCTED BY A CHURCH MODEL.



WRITING AN ESSAY ON ROMAN LIFE: A CLASS OF CHILDREN AT AN ENFIELD SCHOOL SEEK INSPIRATION FROM A MODEL OF A ROMAN VILLA.



A SCALE MODEL OF THE SHRINE OF AMENHOTEP BEING MADE FROM DRAWINGS WHICH APPEARED IN THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS. THE MODEL WILL BE LENT TO SCHOOLS.

permanent exhibition illustrating the history of the British Post Office. Apart from this, the museum carries on many other useful services, including a scheme whereby school classes pay visits to see and handle specimens themselves, while cases of objects are also lent to the schools. Because of the importance of these aids to education, the Middlesex County Council has recently given the museum a £750 grant to enable them to increase their model collection. Large reserve collections are closely classified and arranged so that any required object needed by students can be rapidly brought out. The curator of this enterprising museum is Mr. Cyril H. Rock, B.Sc., A.L.A.



A BURIAL MOUND WHICH WILL FORM PART OF A COLLECTION USED IN THE SCHOOL'S LOAN SCHEME: MR. WARREN AT WORK ON A "BARROW."

THIS is the age of international societies and organisations. They are mainly the product of the last war, and have been set up by the Governments of the victorious States with the object of curing the ills which it inflicted. The most extensive are those of the United Nations and its various offshoots, such as Unesco. Another large branch are connected in one way or another with aid to Europe from the United States. In several instances the work they have accomplished has been invaluable; in fact, it may be said that without them there would have been a series of economic and political collapses. Assuredly such recovery as has already been achieved in Europe would not have taken place. It is equally clear that we are to have them with us for a long time to come, if not for ever. It is, however, not generally realised that they are fantastically expensive. Between the wars there was much grumbling about the cost of the League of Nations, which was actually a fleabite. What the old League cost in pence the new organisations cost in pounds. These expenses are, moreover, always going up. Unless they are taken in hand and carefully controlled they will soon absorb a disproportionate amount of the incomes of the chief States which support them.

When first these organisations appeared necessary, it was determined to obtain able men to run them and to pay high salaries, the rate of which was to a certain extent governed by salaries paid in the United States. And the principle, unexceptionable on the face of it, was laid down that not merely the salaries but the real remuneration given

to people in comparable offices should be the same, whatever their nationality. This at once brought up the question of taxation. If two heads of departments, a Briton and a Chilean, were paid the same salaries and in each case taxed by their own Governments, the result would be that the Briton received about half the remuneration of the Chilean. All through this question has been bedevilled by the crippling nature of British taxation, the effect of which is that it is impossible to raise the remuneration of high officials subject to it, because at the highest rates income tax and surtax combined amount to 19s. 6d. in the pound. American and French taxation on the larger incomes are also very high, but not so high as to create quite a comparable problem. It has been British taxation which has set the pace.

It was decided that the officials of these organisations should be altogether free from taxation. Here the Briton got his own back on the Chilean with a vengeance. The concession was useful and encouraging to the Chilean, but it did not lift him into a new financial world. The situation of the Briton was transformed. All grades benefited. The typist, already paid double or treble the wage current at home, did not have to worry about P.A.Y.E. All she earned she kept. But it was, of course, those at the top, with salaries reckoned in thousands of pounds, who came off best. It is no exaggeration to say that a number of these men became in reality the richest of all British citizens, although on paper their salaries appeared modest by comparison with the incomes of the wealthiest members of the community. On top of this there was a vast expenditure on installations, travel, entertainment and the like. Those who realise what it means to get a room papered and painted or to buy a new carpet in their own homes can, if they exercise their imagination, obtain some conception of what equipment costs on the grand scale on which such things are done officially.

A number of these organisations are constantly on the move. Unesco, for example, holds its meetings in one delightful and costly setting after another. Fleets of aircraft are flying about the world all the time, carrying these worthy men and women to their destinations and back again to the places where they reside between their travels. Fleets of cars are provided to transport them from their hotels—the best hotels, of course, and truly nothing less would be good enough—to the halls which their hosts have provided for their deliberations. Troops of secretaries

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. DRINKS ALL ROUND ON THE HOUSE.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

with piles of documents accompany them. They move with that confidence and assurance which comes from the knowledge that they are indispensable. "See you at Florence again in May, old boy. I only wish we could travel together, but as you want to drop in at Madrid and I have to call at Paris on the way, it can't be managed." Meanwhile the ordinary citizen in the queue may have to let three packed buses go by if he goes home in the rush hour and take almost as long getting from his ledger at the office to his zinnias in his suburban garden as the great man does in reaching Florence. We console ourselves by the reflection that the great man's work is proportionately the more important.

At least, I used to assume that we could. Now I sometimes wonder whether I was right. Late I saw the programme of work for one of these great organisations—one of the less practical and more theoretical, I must admit. It was going to assemble with all its paraphernalia in the usual style to discuss some purely abstract question such as why the citizens of different nations develop hostility toward one another. The chances of its making any

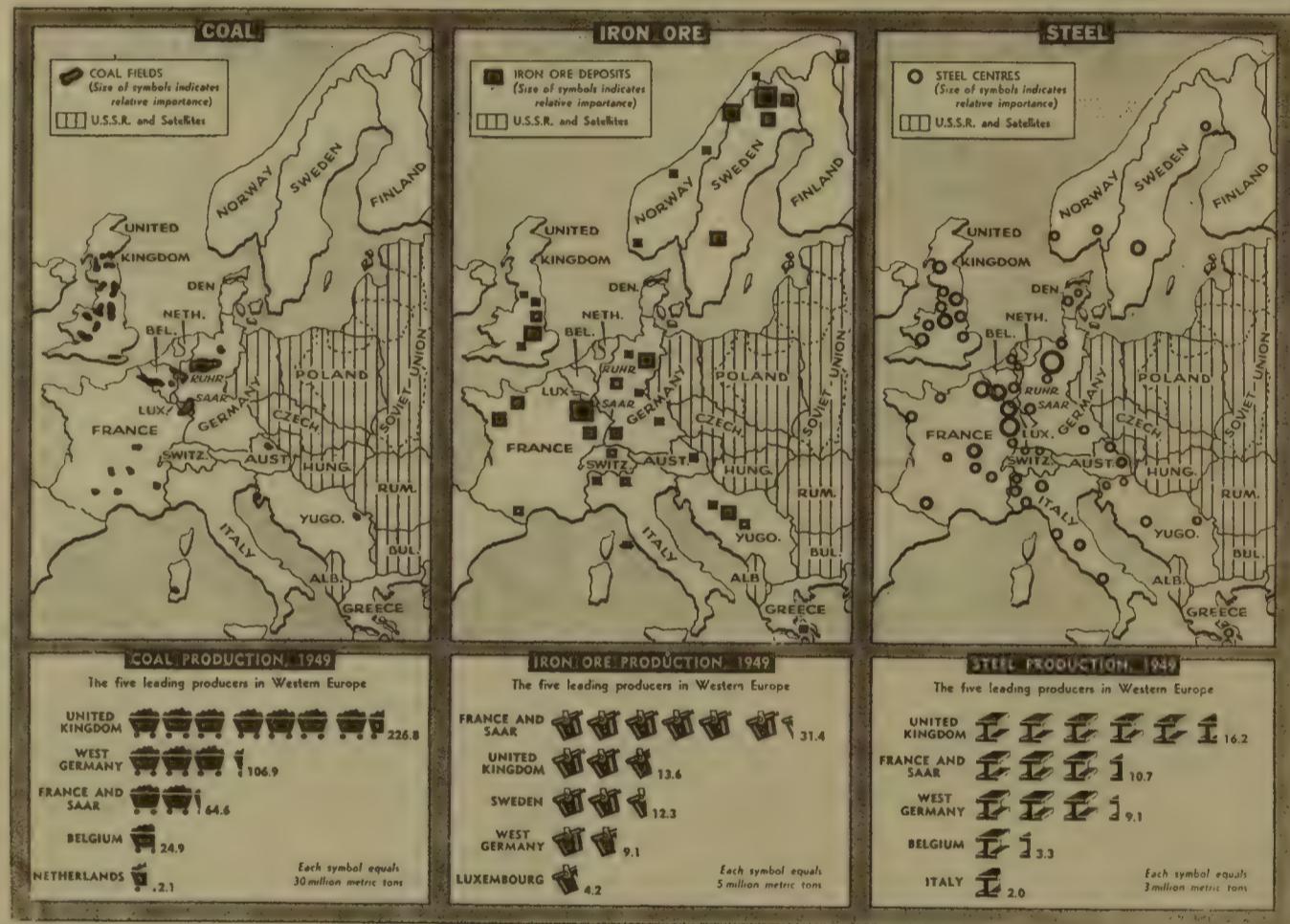
staggering. Then, strangely enough, not all these good things, by a long chalk, go to Britons. It would be some consolation if they did, because we could comfort ourselves, as we watched our money being poured out, that at least our fellow-countrymen were getting a lucky break, and that they had not had many of late. When we come to examine the personnel, however, we find that there are apparently not enough boys qualified for the jobs of British parentage, so that Britain is employing, paying and escorting round the world in the best style a considerable number of aliens, some of whom speak our tongue with difficulty, but perhaps speak ten others equally badly. They may be useful, but do we want them on the house?

It is not so much the need for international organisations as the incidence of taxation which has created a new race of professionals who are absolved from the economic handicaps under which all others, even the richest, now labour. They have come to look upon this as a natural form of existence, and it is to be noted that those of them who leave one job of this type frequently find another. And so, in the "palace" hotels of the world, in the *Queen Mary* and the *Queen Elizabeth* (first class, it need not be said), and the long-distance air-liners, is to be found a group of people who have succeeded the millionaires of older days in the enjoyment of all that is best and most expensive at a moment when luxuries have become three times as expensive as they were before the last war. Apart from business men travelling for their firms, they are the chief patrons of these amenities, at least among Britons. In other respects their position is unique. If a commercial firm pays a senior official a lump sum, it is now subject to income tax and surtax as if it were an item in that year's income, whereas these other lucky people not only preserve their incomes intact, but are enabled to pay their way to a great extent out of expense accounts.

At home, in nationalised industries, State departments and commercial firms, they have some hopeful but generally feeble imitators. When I was buying a first-class ticket from London to Oxford the other day, four men ahead of me were obtaining tickets in exchange for printed vouchers. That is, however, a small matter by comparison with that with which I have been dealing, because the authorities here have the power to tighten up the regulations as they think fit. The new race of rich cannot be touched. They are care-free, the most highly privileged individuals of our race—though, as I have pointed out, not all of them belong to

our race. I heard one of them admit that he considered himself fortunate to be allowed to do free of cost the things which so many others want to do, and to be well paid into the bargain; but he was exceptionally honest and objective, and the majority of those in his position do not recognise the extent of the dispensations accorded to them. Possibly they obtain less enjoyment from their life than those who envy them suppose; but I have no concern with their sentiments. I am interested only in the fact that their many amenities are bestowed upon them at the cost of the community. It seems to me that there are savings to be made here. For example, staffs of organisations which are dealing with States behind the Iron Curtain and obviously unable to do any serious business at all might be reduced. Various economies might be made in other directions. I fear, however, that they would always be on a minor scale, and that the evil is something which in principle has come to stay. It is inherent in the present British economy. There will always be sections of the community powerful enough to lead privileged lives. Formerly they were represented by those who had earned or inherited the means to do so. To-day we have only a handful of such persons left, though other countries have many more. With us they are being replaced by persons whose privileges are provided by the taxpayer. I do not think the process can be put an end to, but it is still worth while to keep an eye upon it because, if allowed to develop, as it will if not carefully controlled, it will become a farcical but at the same time onerous plague.

FACTS AND FIGURES BEHIND THE SCHUMAN PLAN.



MAPS AND DIAGRAMS TO ILLUSTRATE THE COAL, IRON AND STEEL RESOURCES OF WESTERN EUROPE.

In this series of maps, symbols show in the Marshall plan countries of Western Europe and also in Yugoslavia the coal, iron and steel centres of each country; and the tables below show the estimated 1949 production of the five leading producing countries of coal, iron ore and steel. The figures given are from American sources. The Schuman plan of pooling the resources and production of these three basic materials (fully discussed by Captain Falls in his article of May 27) is to be discussed in a six-power conference which, at the time of writing was expected to take place about June 14. The six countries who agreed to join in this conference were France, Western Germany, the Benelux countries (Belgium, the Netherlands and Luxembourg) and Italy. The British Government, while welcoming the French initiative, declined the invitation to take part, as they did "not feel able to accept in advance, nor did they wish to reject in advance the principles underlying the French proposal." Britain will, however, keep in close and constant touch with the negotiations. Disappointment at the British decision has been expressed in many countries, especially France, Western Germany and the United States.

serious contribution to the cause of peace are about as good as that a discussion group will do so this evening in the "local," and at least this group pays for its own beer and does not cost the taxpayer a hundred thousand pounds to assemble. For the international organisation there are drinks all round on the house, and the house is the pocket of the taxpayer, your pocket, gentle reader, and mine. I have emphasised the fact that this particular body is not doing anything like feeding Greek children, where there must be valuable results even if there is at the same time waste; but I have seen and heard enough to know that there is hardly one of these organisations which is not run with undue extravagance. Those who work for them have lost any sense of economy they ever possessed. Anything demanded by anybody's whim is ordered, just because it is on the house and because everybody has become used to having an inexhaustible purse to draw upon.

Two features of this expenditure are not generally understood. In the first place, a great proportion of it is dollar expenditure, that which is so rigidly controlled in the case of the private citizen, even to the extent of depriving him of the bacon and ham that Canada is begging us to buy. If we had not to pay for the staff at Lake Success—which I am sure is doing a fine job and which I am not specifically criticising—we could have, months ago, doubled the quantity of petrol used by the private individual or drastically cut the cost. I will not inflict figures on my readers here, but some which have been given to me on good authority are

THE BLAZING EXPRESS IN WHICH FIVE PERISHED AT HARTHOP ViADUCT.



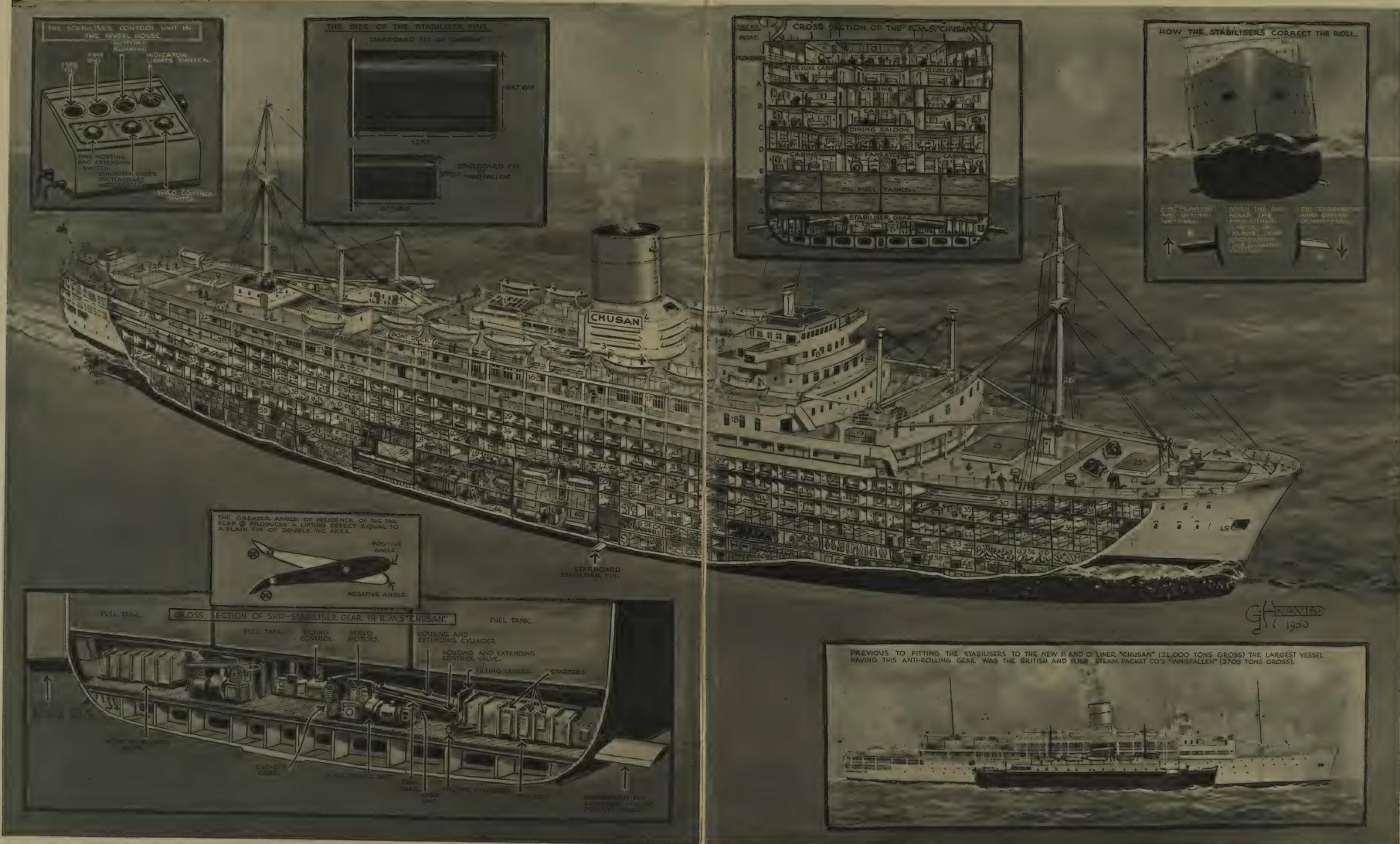
THE BLAZING COACHES OF THE BIRMINGHAM-GLASGOW EXPRESS, IN WHICH FIVE PASSENGERS WERE TRAPPED AND BURNT TO DEATH ON THE HARTHOP ViADUCT, IN DUMFRIESSHIRE. THE FIRE BEGAN WHILE THE TRAIN WAS MOVING, AND SWEPT RAPIDLY THROUGH TWO FIRST-CLASS COACHES, THE SECOND AND THIRD BEHIND THE ENGINE.



COMPLETELY GUTTED, AND WITH THEIR STEEL FRAMES TWISTED AND CONTORTED BY THE TERRIFIC HEAT OF THE FIRE: THE TWO MOST DAMAGED COACHES OF THE BIRMINGHAM-GLASGOW EXPRESS WHICH CAUGHT FIRE IN DUMFRIESSHIRE AND IN WHICH THREE ADULTS AND TWO CHILDREN WERE BURNT TO DEATH.

At about ten minutes past five on the evening of June 8, the express train for Glasgow, which had left Birmingham at 11 a.m., was passing over Harthope Viaduct, near Beattock, in Dumfriesshire, when fire was seen pouring from the second and third coaches. The wife of a platelayer saw it from her cottage and warned her husband. A ganger saw it from the line and ran towards the train waving his hands; and someone had pulled the communication cord as the train was already pulling up. Passengers

began to leap from the train, but the flames, which had been fanned by the train's progress, spread with incredible rapidity. Five people were trapped, and the numerous attempts at rescue were hopeless. The five victims were eventually identified as Mrs. John Campbell, of Glasgow, with her four-year-old daughter and two-year-old son, Mrs. Chassin, of Oxford, and Mr. Jacobs, of Glasgow. It was reported also that jewels worth several thousand pounds were involved in the fire.



STABILISING A LUXURY LINER: R.M.S. CHUSAN (24,000 TONS GROSS), 1950'S LARGEST NEW PASSENGER

July 1 is the date arranged for the maiden voyage of the R.M.S. *Chusan* (24,000 tons gross), the largest passenger liner completed anywhere in the world in 1950. The ship, which has been designed by the P. & O. Company for their Europe-For East service, has been built at the Barrow-in-Furness yard of Vickers-Armstrongs, Ltd. She was ordered in May, 1946, the keel was laid in February, 1947, and she was launched on June, 28, 1949. She will have taken two years and four months to complete and the estimated cost is £250,000. As a super-luxury liner, she has a white hull, two masts and a single buff funnel. Ventilation units are enclosed within the funnels and her name is installed in neon lighting on the port and starboard sides of the base of the funnels. Of 24,000 gross tonnage, she is 672 ft. in overall length, her engines develop 52,000 s.h.p., and she has a speed of 22 knots in service conditions. The accommodation is for 475 first-class passengers, 551 tourist-class and 572 crew, with a general cargo space of 415,000 cubic feet. The accommodation (for both passengers and crew) has been planned to modern concepts for coolness and airiness during tropical travel, but still to maintain the amenities and requirements for comfort in the more temperate and changeable climates of the Western Hemisphere. Fine public rooms and games facilities are a feature. She has in addition two (Continued opposite)

KEY TO FIGURES

- 1. Engineering hatch.
- 2. Dome over dance space.
- 3. Vents grouped round funnel.
- 4. Cabin entrance.
- 5. Games deck.
- 6. Wheelhouse and Bridge.
- 7. Officers' quarters.
- 8. Promenade deck.
- 9. and 9a. Cargo hatches.
- 10. Deckhouse.
- 11. Dressing room.
- 12. Tourist-class lift machinery, etc.
- 13. First-class lift machinery, etc.
- 14. First-class swimming-pool.
- 15. Verandah cafe.
- 16. Sun deck.
- 17. First-class lounge.
- 18. First-class Library and Writing Room.
- 19. Children's Nursery and Play-ground.
- 20. Afternoon tea position.
- 21. Tourist-class Post Office.
- 22. Tourist-class Lounge.
- 23. Dining saloon.
- 24. First-class cabins.
- 25. and 26. Cargo hatches.
- 27. Smoking room.
- 28. Tourist-class dance space.
- 29. First-class cabins.
- 30. First-class staterooms and lifts.
- 31. Crew's deck.
- 32. Tourist-class cabins.
- 33. Engineers' mess.
- 34. Generator room, [etc.]
- 35. Engineers' workshop.
- 36. Crew's quarters.
- 37. Tourist-class cabins.
- 38. Tourist-class smoking-saloon.
- 39. Tourist-class scullery, vegetable room, etc.
- 40. First-class post office.
- 41. Cold larder, silver room, etc.
- 42. First-class dining-saloon.
- 43. Passenger lifts.
- 44. European stewards' accommodation.
- 45. Starboard anchor.
- 46. Asian firemen.
- 47. Tourist-class cabins.

SHIP AND THE BIGGEST YET TO BE FITTED WITH STABILISING EQUIPMENT—HER LAYOUT AND EQUIPMENT.

Continued.

new remarkable mechanical features. Like her sister-ship *Himalaya*, which entered into service in 1949, she has a new system of water distillation, and is in consequence entirely self-supporting for all fresh-water services, although drinking water is carried in the usual way. She is also the largest ship to be fitted with the "Denny-Brown Anti-Roll Stabiliser," an ingenious device which can cut down a 14-degree roll to one of 4 degrees. This device, which was simply tested in the open sea, was first used in many vessels by the Admiralty to aid gunnery, has been tested to the benefit of travellers in the cross-Channel boat *Fairwind* and the Irish packet-boat *Innisfallen*. A diagrammatic drawing of the latter appeared in our issue of July 31, 1948. *Innisfallen*, previously the largest ship so stabilised, has a gross tonnage of 3,705, whereas *Chusan* is 24,000 tons gross; and this bold venture by the P. & O. designers will be watched with the greatest interest and may have a far-reaching effect on future luxury travel by sea.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, S.M.A., WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF THE P. & O. COMPANY AND MESSRS. BROWN BROS. AND CO., LTD.



MR. ERIC PARKER, THE AUTHOR OF "THE HISTORY OF CRICKET," ONE OF THE BOOKS REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Mr. Parker, who is one of the most distinguished living writers on sport and the country life generally, was educated at Eton, where he was a King's Scholar, and Merton College, Oxford. He was on the staff of *The Field* from 1910 and from 1930 to 1937 was its Editor-in-Chief; and he is now the Editor of the Lonsdale Library.

nature, but all likely to be treasured by formers of cricket libraries.

Mr. Moyes's is the slightest, but is built on original lines. He has compiled brief accounts of the characters, methods and achievements of a hundred famous cricketers, of whom about half are English and half players from overseas. Many he has seen playing, with many he has played, and for the rest he gets his information from the best authorities.

Such a collection opens very suitably with one whose cricket career was divided between England and Australia, which is Mr. Moyes's country. This was William Caffyn, who was born thirteen years after Waterloo and survived the Kaiser's War, one of the last to remember "the days of top-hats, bow ties, beards, and round-arm bowling." He first played for Surrey in 1849 and was known as "Terrible Billy" or "the Surrey Pet." He made his hundreds, but was chiefly noted for his bowling—in America, in 1859, he took sixteen wickets in an innings for 25 runs against Twenty-two of the United States. He accompanied the first English team to Australia in 1862, returned in 1864, and then stayed for eight years as a professional coach, "mixing a little hairdressing with his coaching." Mr. Moyes thinks that he did much for Australian cricket.

Many of these little lives are not merely statistical, but have intimate personal touches—such as "Kelleway's two loves were cricket and dahlias," and amusing descriptions, such as "The bowler was one who had a reputation for bowling a good 'width.'" Mr. Moyes has a fine faculty for generous praise: his eulogy of Hendren would warm the heart of that cheerful cricketer. Some of his opinions may provoke dissent here: he is apparently reluctant to admit (what aged players here never dispute) that W. G. Grace was beyond question the greatest cricketer who ever lived. But there are few holes to pick in a charming book; and his choice (for what is, in a way, an anthology of modern cricketers) of English players is remarkably sound. Perhaps an Englishman making this selection would have included Lionel Palairet and R. H. Spooner, because of the "stylish perfection" which Mr. Moyes enthusiastically grants to Frank Woolley, and would have spared space for more than a casual reference to C. J. Kortright—but I think that Kortright never played in a Test Match, and Mr. Moyes's mind is dominated by Test cricket.

Mr. Yardley's book is one of the jolliest cricket autobiographies I have ever read. There have been some of the kind in recent years—several reputed to have been hacked out by journalistic "ghosts"—which have been dismally dull because of their intense concentration on match-scores and the contributions which the various "I's" made towards them. All that sort of information is in Mr. Yardley's book, and quite rightly: but he is aware of people's characters, and of the comic aspects of the game, and he does not keep our eyes glued to the wicket, recording all sorts of interesting side-experiences, such as narrowly escaping being eaten by sharks. In places one even detects in him a novelist *manqué*: as, for example, in the pages on which he refers to his friend P. A. Gibb, who played with him for Cambridge, Yorkshire and England. Having introduced him earlier as indisputably the World's Champion Eater, as Grace was the Champion Batsman, he suddenly produces this gem of pitiless description.

* "The History of Cricket." By Eric Parker. Over 70 illustrations. (Seeley, Service. Lonsdale Library; 30s.) "Cricket Campaigns." By Norman Yardley. 27 illustrations. (Stanley Paul; 12s. 6d.)

"A Century of Cricketers." By A. G. Moyes. With a Foreword by Sir Donald Bradman. 16 illustrations. (Harrap; 10s. 6d.)

CRICKET—"SOVRAN KING OF SPORT."

"THE HISTORY OF CRICKET": By ERIC PARKER.*
"CRICKET CAMPAIGNS": By NORMAN YARDLEY.*
"A CENTURY OF CRICKETERS": By A. G. MOYES.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.



MR. NORMAN YARDLEY, THE AUTHOR OF "CRICKET CAMPAIGNS," ONE OF THE BOOKS REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Mr. Yardley, who, as Sir John Squire says on this page, "has been Captain of everything of which he could be Captain and has travelled the globe in pursuit of the game," is now Captain of both Yorkshire and England at cricket. He was educated at St. Peter's School, York, and St. John's College, Cambridge, where he acquired Cricket and Hockey Blues and a Squash Half-Blue.



THE ENGLISHMAN WHO TAUGHT THE AUSTRALIANS CRICKET: WILLIAM CAFFYN, "TERRIBLE BILLY" OR "THE SURREY PET," ONE OF THE FIRST CRICKET PROFESSIONALS TO TOUR OVERSEAS. HE COACHED IN AUSTRALIA FROM 1864 TO 1872, "MIXING A LITTLE HAIRDRESSING WITH HIS COACHING."

By Courtesy of the Surrey County Cricket Club.

the field while the men were tossing a ball about. They taught me to catch and stop a ball, and make myself generally useful doing small jobs. With all the anxiety of a young understudy waiting for the leading lady to fall dead, I counted the players every time they assembled for a match, and prayed with hot hands and flickering eyes that someone should fail to turn up. They say you can get anything by wanting and waiting. And so, one day, there came an away match, and somebody did not arrive. My father hurried restlessly to and fro looking for the absentee; then he had to think of a substitute. You can imagine that I was well in the foreground; and he very doubtfully put me in the side at Number 11." Fate was on the infant's side. Not only did he make a few runs (and in Yorkshire they don't temper the bowling to the lambs), but, having "been posted to a place in the field where no one expected anything to go," he caught out the enemy's two best batsmen! So, for him at least, there was never any problem as to "What am I going to do when I grow up?"

He went on to St. Peter's School at York, which competes with King's School at Canterbury for the title of the Oldest School in England. "Dick Turpin and Guy Fawkes," he says, "were pupils there; the highwaymen have turned politicians now, and Guy Fawkes, too, certainly might be useful at the House



THE AUSTRALIAN WHO RE-TAUGHT THE ENGLISHMEN CRICKET: SIR DONALD BRADMAN, THE WORLD'S OUTSTANDING CRICKET PERSONALITY SINCE 1930, AND PERHAPS THE FAVOURITE CANDIDATE FOR THE BEST BATSMAN OF ALL TIME. HIS SERVICE TO CRICKET WAS MARKED WITH A KNIGHTHOOD TOWARDS THE END OF HIS PLAYING CAREER.

The portraits of Caffyn and Bradman are reproduced from the book "A Century of Cricketers," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Geo. G. Harrap and Co., Ltd.

of Commons to-day":

I take no exception to those remarks, and am only surprised that he does not suggest that Dick Turpin made his celebrated Ride to York in order to be in time for a match, at this indigenous Yorkshire game, between the Old Boys and the School. There came a point at which he was asked to come up to play for the Young Amateurs against the Young Professionals at Lord's. Somebody, he says, pointed out to him "the place on the top of the pavilion where (he said) Lord Harris had received the Laws of Cricket engraved on tablets of willow from a Pillar of Cloud. With youth's irreverence, I laughed. Since then, I have learned a lot more about the things that very great man did for the game. His is a name cricketers will always remember with homage." We then proceed to St. John's College, Cambridge—in my time bulging, I dare say, with brains, but almost Blueless, but since 1918 prolific of captains of England and Counties, and this year providing almost the whole Cambridge Boat—and, when struggling for his Blue found himself, during a critical match, "sitting in the pavilion nursing my little nought." He got his Blue nevertheless; since then he has been Captain of everything of which he could be Captain, and has travelled the globe in pursuit of the game. Perhaps his oddest experience of many experiences was in Patiala, where he went to a match on an elephant and returned from it on a camel: he wished, he says, that he had had a zebra to run for him; and I can't blame him, though a cheetah might, perhaps, have been a better idea, and more easily obtainable, locally, in Asia.

Mr. Yardley's book—I have hardly skimmed the surface of it—is thoroughly enjoyable and, for fact and comment, will be quoted when we are all dead. But what can I say about Mr. Eric Parker's compendium? It is

no more reviewable than the "Encyclopædia Britannica": he must have spent years on this massive History and it is no wonder that, before the next edition comes out, a certain revision of details in text and index is desirable. He covers the whole ground. He begins with a discussion of the origins of the game (one theory is that it derived from a game called "Cat and Dog" in Scotland), he then reproduces the first set of Rules (1744), which contain such regulations as (Umpire's business) "To mark ye Ball that it may not be changed" and "When ye Ball is hit up, either of ye Strikers may hinder ye catch in his running ground, or if she's hit directly across ye wickets, ye other Player may place his body anywhere within ye swing of his Batt, so as to hinder ye Bowler from catching her, but he must neither strike at her nor touch her with his hands," and then, covering country by country and county by county, he brings his chronicle right up to our own day.

It is a library in itself. I looked up Fowler's Match of 1910, at which I was one of the few spectators to remain for what must have been the most exciting finish in cricket history, with the possible exception of that in "Cobden's Match." There is a very full description of it and a reproduction of the score-card. How little we know when we are boys what is going to happen to those other "little victims" with whom

we play. Eton, incredibly, won; there was one Etonian named W. T. Holland, who in his second innings was "st. Monckton, b. Alexander." The said child Monckton is now Sir Walter Monckton, K.C.; the said child Alexander is now Field Marshal Lord Alexander, Governor-General of Canada. The future General went in last: but he got 5 for 40 in the two innings, so it wasn't his fault that the match was lost.

I hate reviewers' stock phrases, like "no cricket library will be complete without this book"; but what on earth is one to say about a book like this? Please consider it said.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK; AND THE BIRTHDAY HONOURS.



MR. LEWIS SILKIN.
Created a Baron. He was Minister of Town and Country Planning in the last Government. His seat at Peckham disappeared under redistribution, and he did not secure nomination at the General Election.



DR. E. W. HIVES.
Created a Baron. He is Managing Director of Rolls-Royce Ltd., which company he joined in 1908. He developed the Rolls-Merlin engine, increased the speed of the Spitfire, and re-equipped the American-built Mustang.



LT.-COL. REES-WILLIAMS.
Created a Baron. He is a solicitor and was M.P. for South Croydon from 1945-50 and Parliamentary Under-Secretary for the Colonies, 1947-50. At the General Election he was defeated at Croydon West.



SIR GILBERT CAMPION.
Created a Baron. He was Clerk of the House of Commons from 1937-48, and is a leading authority on Parliamentary practice. He has been Clerk of the Consultative Assembly of the Council of Europe since 1949.



MR. ERNEST GREENHILL.
Created a Baron. He has been Socialist member of Glasgow Corporation since 1932; and is Chairman of the Scottish district of the Workers Educational Association. He was formerly Hon. City Treasurer of Glasgow.



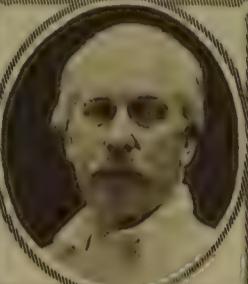
SIR CYRIL HURCOMB.
Created a Baron. He has been Chairman of the British Transport Commission since 1947. He was Director-General, Ministry of Shipping, 1939-41; and Director-General, Ministry of War Transport, 1941-47.



LT.-COL. HARRY MORRIS.
Created a Baron. He was elected Socialist M.P. for Neepsend, Sheffield, at the General Election, but resigned after a few weeks to secure the return to the House of the Solicitor-General, Sir Frank Soskice.



CAPT. BRUCE S. INGRAM.
Designated a Knight Bachelor. He has been Editor of *The Illustrated London News* for 50 years. He is Hon. Keeper of Drawings, Fitzwilliam Museum; and Hon. Adviser on pictures and drawings, National Maritime Museum.



DR. ARTHUR BLISS.
Designated a Knight Bachelor. A composer whose compositions, which include film music and ballets, are well known. He was Assistant Overseas Music Director, B.B.C., 1941-42; and Director of Music, B.B.C., 1942-44.



DR. ALAN N. DRURY.
Designated a Knight Bachelor. He has been Director of the Lister Institute since 1943; and is late Huddersfield Lecturer in Special Pathology, Cambridge; and Member of Scientific Staff, Medical Research Council.



GENERAL SIR T. BLAMEY.
Promoted to the rank of Field Marshal of the Australian Forces in the Birthday Honours. A noted commander in the Far East and Middle East, he was C-in-C. Allied Land Forces, Southwest Pacific Area, 1942-45.



MR. G. RUSSELL VICK.
Designated a Knight Bachelor. He is a barrister-at-law and is Chairman of the General Council of the Bar. He was a member of the Lynskey Tribunal, and one of the men who framed the red-petrol scheme.



DR. IRVINE O. MASSON.
Designated a Knight Bachelor. He has been Vice-Chancellor of the University of Sheffield since 1938. He was previously Professor of Chemistry and Head of the Department of Pure Science at the University of Durham.



MR. JOHN T. SHEPPARD.
Designated a Knight Bachelor for his services to the study of Greek literature. He has been Provost of King's College, Cambridge, and Senior Fellow of Eton College since 1933. His publications include Greek translations.



THE SUBJECT OF A NEW FILM AND THE ACTRESS WHO IMPERSONATES HER : MRS. ODETTE CHURCHILL, G.C., WITH MISS ANNA NEAGLE (RIGHT-CENTRE), WHO PLAYS THE PART OF "ODETTE."
The King and Queen attended the première of *Odette* on June 6. Our photograph shows (l. to r.) Captain Peter Churchill; Mrs. Odette Churchill, whose heroic work with the French Resistance is the subject of the film; Miss Anna Neagle, who plays the title rôle; and Mr. Trevor Howard, who plays the part of Captain Peter Churchill.

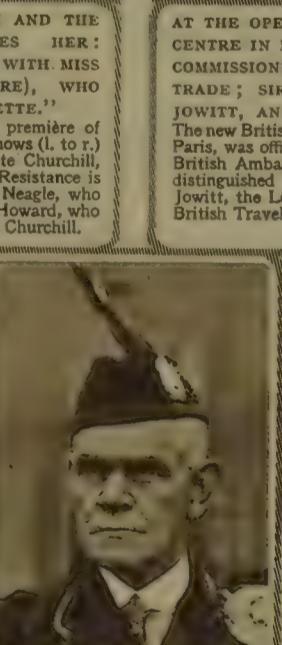
AT THE OPENING OF THE BRITISH TRAVEL CENTRE IN PARIS : (l. to r.) M. INGRAND, COMMISSIONER-GENERAL OF THE TOURIST TRADE; SIR OLIVER HARVEY; VISCOUNT JOWITT, AND SIR ALEXANDER MAXWELL. The new British Travel Centre at 6, Place Vendôme, Paris, was officially opened by Sir Oliver Harvey, British Ambassador to France, on June 2. The distinguished visitors present included Viscount Jowitt, the Lord Chancellor and President of the British Travel and Holidays Association; and Sir Alexander Maxwell.



LEAVING FOR THE PACIFIC : FIELD MARSHAL SIR WILLIAM SLIM, WITH LADY SLIM.
Field Marshal Sir William Slim, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, left Northolt Airport on June 2 on the first stage of his journey to Australia and New Zealand for defence discussions. On his way to Australia he toured the Near and Far East and was received by King Farouk in Cairo. He has planned to pay a visit to Malaya on the way home.



MR. RALPH STRAUS.
Died on June 5, aged sixty-seven. He was well known as a literary critic, novelist and Dickensian. His publications included a number of articles and privately printed books from his own press. In 1942 he published a biography of George-Augustus Sala entitled "The Portrait of an Eminent Victorian."



MR. DANIEL LAIDLAW, V.C.
Died at Shoreham, Berwick, where he was sub-postmaster, on June 2, aged seventy-four. Piper Laidlaw was a hero of the Battle of Loos. During the worst of the bombardment on September 25, 1915, he calmly mounted the parapet, marched up and down, and played his company out of the trench.



SIR PERCY HURD.
Died on June 5, aged eighty-six. He was M.P. (U.) for Frome, 1918-23, and M.P. (C.) for Devizes, 1924-45, and did much in Parliament and the Press for the unity of the British Commonwealth. For many years he was editor of the *Canadian Gazette*, and later *Canada's Weekly*. He was knighted in 1932.

NEW HIGH COURT JUDGES : MR. JUSTICE COLLINGWOOD (L.) AND MR. JUSTICE GORMAN.
Mr. Justice Charles Arthur Collingwood and Mr. Justice William Gorman, recently appointed to be Judges of the High Court of Justice, are seen in our photograph arriving at the House of Lords for the swearing-in ceremony on June 6. Mr. Justice Gorman is assigned to the King's Bench Division, and Mr. Justice Collingwood to the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division.

London's Farewell to Earl Wavell: Scenes at the Tower and Westminster.



(LEFT)
ARRIVING AT THE
ABBEY: ADMIRAL OF
THE FLEET LORD
FRASER, VICE-
ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE
CREASY, ADMIRAL SIR
CECIL HAROURT AND
VICE-ADMIRAL EARL
MOUNTBATTEN OF
BURMA (L. TO R.)

LONDON on June 7 bade farewell to one of the greatest soldiers whom this country has ever bred, when the coffin containing the remains of Field Marshal Earl Wavell was conveyed by river from the Tower of London, of which he was Constable, to Westminster Abbey, for a memorial service, at which the Royal family and the Governments of many countries were represented. Before the procession left the

[Continued below.]



TWO OF THE PALL-BEARERS ARRIVING AT THE ABBEY FOR THE
SERVICE: FIELD MARSHAL VISCOUNT MONTGOMERY OF ALAMEIN
AND FIELD MARSHAL VISCOUNT ALANBROOKE.



ENTERING THE ABBEY BEHIND HIS FATHER'S COFFIN: MAJOR
VISCOUNT KEREN, THE BLACK WATCH, SON AND HEIR OF EARL
WAVELL, AND (BEHIND) MAJOR H. GORDON (SON-IN-LAW).



LEAVING THE TOWER OF LONDON: THE FUNERAL PROCESSION ESCORTED BY YEOMEN WARDERS, IN WHICH THE DEPUTY
CONSTABLE OF THE TOWER AND OTHER HIGH OFFICERS WALKED.



ENTERING WESTMINSTER ABBEY BY THE WEST DOOR: THE COFFIN CONTAINING THE REMAINS
OF EARL WAVELL, BORNE BY N.C.O.'S AND MEN OF HIS OLD REGIMENT, THE BLACK WATCH.
[Continued.]

Tower of London, a service conducted by the Chaplain of the Tower, and attended by Lord Wavell's family, took place in the Chapel of St. John the Evangelist in the Keep. At the Abbey the coffin was received by six representatives of Commonwealth countries, and the impressive service included the reading by Dr. Don,



BEARING THE LATE FIELD MARSHAL'S DECORATIONS ON CUSHIONED SALVERS: THE SLOW
PROCESSION OF OFFICERS ON THEIR WAY TO THE HIGH ALTAR.

Dean of Westminster, of the last words of Mr. Valiant-for-Truth from Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," in place of a funeral oration. The Black Watch pipers played "Lochaber No More" and "After the Battle" at the conclusion of the service, which was attended by the Prime Minister and many other distinguished people.



THE FIRST RIVER FUNERAL PROCESSION FOR A NATIONAL FIGURE SINCE THAT OF NELSON : FIELD MARSHAL LORD WAVELL'S COFFIN CONVEYED FROM TOWER BRIDGE TO WESTMINSTER ON BOARD A ROYAL ARMY SERVICE CORPS LAUNCH, IN THE BOW OF WHICH STANDS A YEOMAN WARDER IN HIS TUDOR UNIFORM.



PROCEEDING FROM WESTMINSTER PIER TO THE ABBEY: THE FLAG-DRAPE COFFIN BEARING THE LATE FIELD MARSHAL'S PLUMED HAT PASSING THROUGH PARLIAMENT SQUARE ON A GUN-CARRIAGE TO THE SOUND OF HIGHLAND LAMENTS PLAYED BY PIPERS OF THE 1ST. BATTALION THE BLACK WATCH.

BY LAND AND WATER FROM THE TOWER TO WESTMINSTER: FIELD MARSHAL LORD WAVELL'S FUNERAL PROCESSIONS IN LONDON.

The impressive funeral-procession up the Thames of Field Marshal Earl Wavell is believed to be the first for a national figure since that of Lord Nelson, over a hundred years ago. The coffin containing the remains was borne along the waterway from Tower Bridge to Westminster in an R.A.S.C. launch. A Yeoman Warder of the Tower, of which Lord Wavell was Constable, was posted in the bows, and an officer with drawn sword stood on the cabin top. The launch was escorted by the barge of Admiral Sir Henry Moore, C.-in-C. The Nore, and the motor-launch H.M.S. *Thames*.

At Westminster, Royal Naval ratings carried the coffin from the launch to a horse-drawn gun-carriage, and the cortège, preceded by pipers of the 1st Bn. The Black Watch, and followed by a detachment from the same battalion and a detachment of the Scots Guards moved off, on its short journey to the Abbey, to the sound of Highland laments. A representative of the G.O.C. London District, with Staff Officers and the Chaplain General to the Forces and a detachment of the Household Cavalry, also took part in the procession.



A GREAT WARRIOR LAID IN HIS LAST RESTING-PLACE: THE BURIAL OF FIELD MARSHAL EARL WAVELL—AN OLD WYKEHAMIST—in THE CLOISTER GARTH OF WINCHESTER COLLEGE.

Field Marshal Earl Wavell, victor in the Western Desert campaign of 1940-41 and Viceroy of India from 1943-47, was on June 7 buried in William of Wykeham's Cloister garth, Winchester College, the famous school at which he was educated. Elsewhere we illustrate scenes during the London funeral ceremonial, and here reproduce the drawing made by our Special Artist at the

graveside. It shows the close of the service. The coffin has been lowered into the yew-lined grave by men of The Black Watch, who stand beside it. The Bishop of Winchester is at the grave-head, and behind him stand a company which includes Air Chief Marshal Lord Dowding, Marshal of the R.A.F., Viscount Portal of Hungerford (both old Wykehamists) and the Duke of

Wellington (who, as Lord Lieutenant of Hampshire, represented the King), the principal pall-bearers, Countess Wavell (widow), Major Viscount Keren, The Black Watch (son and heir), and other members of the family are at the grave-foot. Their sheaf of flowers lies before them and many other wreaths are piled in a mound of colour against the grey, north wall of the Cloister (left).

DRAWN AT WINCHESTER BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.

The choir, who had walked round the Cloister singing the grave yet inspiring sentences with which the funeral service opens, are on the right. Pipe-Major J. Jenkinson, is seen (left) playing "The Flowers of the Forest" as he walks away from the grave. The commital was conducted by the Rev. J. H. McKew, who was Chaplain to Lord Wavell at Aldershot in 1934-35.

IN THE NEWS AT HOME AND ABROAD:
SOME ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.



INTRODUCED ON THE NEWHAVEN-DIEPPE SERVICE ON JUNE 8: THE S.S. BRIGHTON, LATEST ADDITION TO THE FLEET OF CROSS-CHANNEL STEAMERS.

The S.S. Brighton, latest addition to the fleet of Cross-Channel steamers, was introduced on the Newhaven-Dieppe service on June 8. She has a gross tonnage of 2875, with accommodation for 1450 passengers. Her speed is 24 knots. The vessel is jointly owned by the British and French Railways, and is the sixth Cross-Channel ship to bear this name. Her predecessor was sunk at Dieppe in 1940 while serving as a hospital ship.



FLYING THE SKULL AND CROSSBONES AS SHE ENTERS PORT FOR THE LAST TIME: THE "TREASURE ISLAND" FILM SHIP HISPANIOLA BEING TOWED INTO SCARBOROUGH.

The Hispaniola, specially built for the Walt Disney film "Treasure Island," has been bought by Scarborough (Yorkshire) Corporation, who plan to use her as an aquarium and nautical museum. The Hispaniola was brought to Scarborough by tug from Appledore, Devon.



UNVEILED BY PRINCESS MARGRIET: A STATUE OF THE LEGENDARY DUTCH BOY WHO STOPPED A HOLE IN THE DYKE WITH HIS FINGER.

Princess Margriet, Canadian-born third daughter of Queen Juliana of the Netherlands, recently unveiled a bronze statue at Spaarndam, near Haarlem, of the legendary boy whose endurance saved Haarlem from being flooded. According to a legend, better known in this country and America than Holland, the small boy saved Haarlem by keeping his finger in a hole in the dyke until help came. The statue forms a monument to the youth of Holland.



SOLD FOR £1350 AT SOTHEBY'S: A MEISSEN RARE LIFE-SIZED FIGURE OF A VULTURE BY JOHANN JOACHIM KAENDLER.

Large and early animal figures in colours are extremely rare. The specimen which we illustrate, 23½ ins. high, made *circa* 1734, fetched £1350 in the sale of Lord Hastings' collection of Meissen Birds, Dresden Birds and Animals, Sévres Plates and Worcester Services, at Sotheby's, on June 6. It is a magnificently modelled figure of a vulture, by Johann Joachim Kaendler, life-size, in colours, perched on a conical tree-trunk base with its claws on small branches, its head with a predatory expression, bent downwards.



A GIANT AMONG LOBSTERS.

This 17½-lb. lobster was caught recently off Newport, U.S.A., and was much too large to get into an ordinary lobster-pot. It was dragged aboard by fishermen with a boat-hook and is seen here with a 1-lb. lobster for comparison. It was 37 ins. long, and armed with formidable claws.



THE OLD VIC COMPANY VISIT ELSINORE: CLAUDIUS (MARK DIGNUM), HAMLET (MICHAEL REDGRAVE) AND GERTRUDE (WANDA ROTH) IN "HAMLET" AT KRONBORG.

Last week's performances by the Old Vic of "Hamlet" in the courtyard of Kronborg Castle, were the third to be given by the company as part of the "Hamlet" festivities of Elsinore. Danish audiences can now compare Mr. Michael Redgrave's rendering of the part with those of Sir Laurence Olivier and Mr. John Gielgud. Mr. Hugh Hunt successfully adapted his production to the wide platform stage.



SHAKING HANDS AT THE WEIGH-IN BEFORE THE WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP FIGHT: LEE SAVOLD (LEFT) AND BRUCE WOODCOCK, WHO WAS DEFEATED.

The biggest fight crowd in British boxing history watched the contest for the world heavyweight championship at the White City on June 6. Bruce Woodcock, British heavyweight champion, surrendered to Lee Savold, the American, at the end of the fourth round owing to an inch-long gash over his left eye in which six stitches had to be later inserted.

CHANGING LONDON; AND INAUGURAL CEREMONIES IN THREE COUNTRIES.



THE CHANGING FACE OF LONDON : THE SHELL OF THE OLD WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL, NOW IN COURSE OF DEMOLITION AND TO BE REPLACED BY THE NEW COLONIAL OFFICE. Most of the new landmarks which are coming into being or are projected in London are vast blocks of Government offices and that which is to occupy the site of the old Westminster Hospital is no exception. It is to be new premises for the Colonial Office and in the picture (right, above) we



THE NEW COLONIAL OFFICE : AN ARCHITECT'S DRAWING OF THE GOVERNMENT OFFICES WHICH ARE TO RISE ON THE SITE OF THE OLD WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL (SEE PICTURE, LEFT). show the design, by Mr. T. S. Tait, of the architects Sir John Burnet, Tait and Partners. The Westminster Hospital, which was founded in 1718 and opened on the Broad Sanctuary site in 1834, is now in Horseferry Road, and it is the Broad Sanctuary building which is being demolished.



AN OSLO MEMORIAL TO THE LATE PRESIDENT F. D. ROOSEVELT : MRS. ROOSEVELT (NEAR FLAGPOLE) SPEAKING AFTER SHE HAD UNVEILED THE STATUE. THE NORWEGIAN ROYAL FAMILY CAN BE SEEN SEATED BEYOND HER.



THROWING AWAY THEIR MIDSHIPMEN'S CAPS "FOR THOSE WE LEAVE BEHIND" : THE SCENE AT THE U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY AT ANNAPOLIS AFTER THE GRADUATION CEREMONY IN DAHLGREN HALL.

When midshipmen graduate at the U.S. Naval Academy at Annapolis and receive their commissions, they toss their midshipmen's caps high into the air for the benefit of those they leave behind ; and the 690 cadets at the latest graduation ceremony faithfully carried out this tradition.



THE NEW HOME FOR THE JOHN INNES HORTICULTURAL INSTITUTION : THE SCENE AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW RESEARCH STATION AT BAYFORDSBURY, IN HERTFORDSHIRE. LORD CRANBORNE PERFORMED THE CEREMONY. The transfer of the John Innes Horticultural Institution from its original premises at Merton to its new home at Bayfordbury, Herts, was completed on June 2, when Lord Cranborne, deputising for Lord Salisbury, who was indisposed, opened the new research station. He was introduced by Colonel F. C. Stern, chairman of the Institution's council, and planted a tree of *Magnolia kobus* to commemorate the event.



THE FIRST CROSS-CHANNEL BOAT TO BE BUILT TO THE ORDER AND DESIGN OF BRITISH RAILWAYS : THE S.S. AMSTERDAM (5000 TONS) AT HARWICH. The S.S. Amsterdam, built by Messrs. John Brown and Company, Ltd., of Clydebank, for the Harwich-Hook of Holland service (described as "the most remunerative of any of the British Railways' services"), was officially inspected at Harwich on June 6. Later in the month the Burgomaster of Amsterdam is to unveil two plaques on board.



A RAID AGAINST AN ENEMY-HELD COASTLINE: ROYAL MARINE COMMANDOS SCALING THE CLIFF-FACE IN ORDER TO DESTROY THE BRIDGE SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND.



THE FINALE OF THE TRICK-RIDING DISPLAY BY THE ANIMAL TRANSPORT COMPANY, R.A.S.C.: THE HORSE OF THE OFFICER IN CHARGE RECEIVING A TROPHY.



THE COMBINED WOMEN'S SERVICES PHYSICAL TRAINING DISPLAY: A DEMONSTRATION OF EXERCISES DESIGNED TO TEACH POISE, QUICK REACTION AND MENTAL ALERTNESS.



TRICK JUMPING BY THE ROYAL ARMY SERVICE CORPS: A RIDER GOING OVER THE JUMPS WITH A PAIR OF RIDERLESS HORSES IN THE LEAD.



A DISPLAY GIVEN AT THE EVENING PERFORMANCES BY THE COMPANY OF PIKEMEN AND MUSKETEERS OF THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY—A REHEARSAL PHOTOGRAPH.



HEADED BY THE TRUMPETERS AND THE KETTLEDRUMMER IN STATE DRESS: THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY DETACHMENT, ENTERING THE ARENA FOR THE MUSICAL RIDE.

The Royal Tournament which opened in the Exhibition Building at Earls Court on June 7 and continues, with two performances daily, until June 24, is held primarily to raise money for Service charities and to encourage

THE JUBILEE PERFORMANCE OF THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT: OUTSTANDING ITEMS IN THE PROGRAMME

skill-at-arms. In addition, it brings the civilian population closely in touch with the pageantry and day-to-day work of the three Services, in which the sons of many are now doing their period of National Service. In this, the jubilee performance of the

(Continued above, right)



A THRILLING EVENT AT THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT: THE INTER-PORT FIELD-GUN-DISPLAY BY THE ROYAL NAVY; SHOWING EQUIPMENT BEING ERECTED OVER THE 30-FT. "CHASM."



LANDING BY PARACHUTE IN THE ARENA AT EARLS COURT: MEMBERS OF THE ARMY'S AIRBORNE FORCES AND A NURSING ORDERLY OF THE WOMEN'S ROYAL AIR FORCE, MAKING A CONTROLLED DESCENT IN THE PARACHUTE-TRAINING DISPLAY BY TRANSPORT COMMAND, R.A.F.

jumping by easy stages and we see the methods employed on the ground to instruct beginners in the art. As a finale members of the Army's Airborne Forces and a nursing orderly of the W.R.A.F. descend by parachute from the roof.

AT EARLS COURT WHICH DRAMATISES THE WORK OF THE THREE SERVICES FOR THE PUBLIC.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE FAIRY FLIES.

By HAROLD BASTIN.

WHETHER the family of the fairy flies (*Mymaridae*) comprises among its members the smallest of all insects, or whether this distinction belongs to the pygmy beetles marshalled under the imposing title *Tricopeterigidae*, seems still to be an open question among the experts. But it is safe to say that the smallest of the "fairies" is a very small insect indeed, measuring as it does scarcely more than 100th part of an inch in length, and about twice as much from tip to tip of the expanded wings. We may leave the mathematicians to determine what the cubic capacity of the tiny body may be, while remarking that into this infinitesimal space is packed all the customary machinery for maintaining an active existence—with the possible exception of a tracheal system, which does not appear to have been demonstrated with certainty. In view of their diminutive proportions it is hardly surprising that the anatomy of these insects has not so far received exhaustive attention.

The mymarids are not "flies" in the strict sense of the term, but members of the great Hymenopterous or "membrane-winged" order, whose most familiar examples are the ants, bees, wasps and ichneumons. Their precise affinity to any of these well-defined groups is doubtful, since their wings are in certain respects unique, being quite destitute of nervures or veins, fringed with long, delicate hairs, and stalked at the base. Nevertheless, their relationship is clearly indicated by the fact that the greatly attenuated hind-wings are hooked during flight to the fore-wings—an unmistakable indication this of Hymenopterous affinity, since it is found in none of the other major divisions of insect life.

In some species the exquisite form and graceful curve of the fore-wing, together with its fringe of long hairs and iridescent colouring, give it the appearance of a peacock's feather when viewed under the microscope with appropriate lighting. This is especially true of the so-called battledore-wing fly (*Mymar pulchellus*), which by common consent is the most beautiful species of the family. In this instance the hind-wings are vestigial, being reduced to mere bristles—each, however, attached to its corresponding fore-wing by three minute hooklets.

Prior to 1843 the fairy flies had been either overlooked or ignored by entomologists, but in that year A. Haliday and his collaborator, F. Walker, gave names to some twenty species that they had collected and grouped them together as a distinct family. Thereafter, for forty-three years, they received little further attention. But in 1876 they attracted Fred Enock's notice, and from that year until his death in 1915 he captured many new species, in the classification of which he had the assistance of C. O. Waterhouse after the latter's retirement from the Keepership of the Department of Entomology in the British Museum (Natural History). At the present day the sole worker in this recondite field of knowledge appears to be Mr. Harry Britton, of Levenshulme, Manchester.

Enock devoted much time to studying the habits and economy of the fairy flies, of which next to nothing was previously

known, and thanks to his patient and long-continued observations, the complete life-histories of certain species can now be told—although those of others, equally commonly met with, still call for elucidation, the difficulties in the way having so far proved insuperable. The great difficulty is that most, if not all, of these midgets are oviporous: that is, they feed as larvae in the eggs of other and larger insects, eating out the entire contents of the shell and not vacating this sheltered nidus until their metamorphosis is complete. As far as has been ascertained, the eggs of Lepidoptera (butterflies and moths) are exempt

from these attacks, but those of many plant-bugs, frog-hoppers and a few beetles are frequently destroyed in this way, doubtless with benefit to the agriculturist and gardener, though to what extent has still to be worked out. The female fairy fly evinces an almost uncanny knack in locating and identifying the appropriate host-eggs, and a no less astonishing skill in inoculating them with her own; for each species has its particular objective, which must be searched out and into which (according to its relative size) from one to as many as forty alien ova must be injected.

In a particular case, closely watched by Enock, the victim—a frog-hopper (*Liburnia sp.*)—had laid

its eggs in the soft pith of a rush. The fairy, walking deliberately up the stem and tap-tapping the green rind with her clubbed antennæ, suddenly discovered the hidden treasure for which she was searching. With every appearance of "great excitement," she made a rapid examination, and in less than half a minute protruded her ovipositor, pressing its tip against one of the host-eggs. After a good deal of straining, the delicate auger punctured the shell and was driven half its length into the egg. Thereafter for eleven minutes there was no apparent movement; and then the ovipositor was slowly withdrawn and another egg attacked in the same deliberate manner, and so on, one after another, until the whole clutch of eggs laid by the frog-hopper had been dealt with. By continuous watching through

the microscope over a period of several weeks, Enock was able to witness the hatching of the parasite's egg within the host-egg, the gradual transformation from grub to pupa and from pupa to perfect insect, and the latter's final emergence—after tunnelling its way through the pith of the rush—into the free air and sunlight.

In common with not a few other insects, the fairy flies display a marked disparity in the numerical status of their sexes. Males are moderately common in some genera, but in others they are extremely rare, or, never having been found, are assumed to have died out altogether. This, however, in no way retards the fecundity of the females, which, by way of compensation, have become parthenogenetic: that is, capable of virgin reproduction.

From the popular standpoint, the most interesting member of the family is the semi-aquatic species (*Cataphractus cinctus*), that lays its eggs in those of a dragon-fly, which must be searched for under water. It was originally captured and named by Haliday, who seems to have known nothing of its life-history and habits. But in 1862 it was rediscovered by the late Lord Avebury (then Sir John Lubbock) in water dipped from a pond in the London area. Owing to its diminutive size it is easily overlooked; yet it must also be rare, since Enock searched diligently for twenty years before he found his first specimen. Its chief peculiarity is that it literally "flies through the water," as penguins do, and can remain submerged for hours. Ganin, a Continental observer, stated that its wings are "hollow sacs filled with blood, and serve as gills"; but this needs confirmation.



THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SPECIES OF THE FAMILY OF FAIRY FLIES: *Mymar pulchellus*, THE SO-CALLED BATTLEDORE-WING FLY, SHOWING THE MALE (LEFT) AND THE FEMALE (RIGHT), THE MOST NOTICEABLE DISTINGUISHING FEATURE BEING THE CLUBBED TIPS OF THE FEMALE'S ANTENNAE. (MAGNIFIED.)

In this species the hind-wings are vestigial, being reduced to mere bristles, and the fore-wings, with their fringe of long hairs and iridescent colouring, have the appearance of a peacock's feather when viewed under the microscope.



A FAIRY FLY WHICH "FLIES THROUGH THE WATER": *Cataphractus cinctus*, A SEMI-AQUATIC SPECIES THAT LAYS ITS EGGS IN THOSE OF A DRAGON-FLY, WHICH MUST BE SEARCHED FOR UNDER WATER.

Photographs by Harold Bastin.

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CELEBRATING ITS GOLDEN JUBILEE: THE RICHMOND ROYAL HORSE SHOW.



HORSE AND HOUNDS: A VIEW OF THE PARADE OF THE HERTFORDSHIRE HOUNDS ON THE OPENING DAY OF THE JUBILEE RICHMOND ROYAL HORSE SHOW.



COMPETING IN THE AMATEUR DRIVING CLASS—NON-HACKNEY TYPE: MR. W. A. WILCOX DRIVING CHARLES, A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD GREY GELDING.



LADY MARY CAMBRIDGE PRESENTING THE LADY STERN CHALLENGE CUP FOR LADIES' HACKS TO MRS. SELWYN BUTCHER ON *LIBERTY LIGHT*.



H.R.H. PRINCESS ALICE, COUNTESS OF ATHLONE, PRESENTING A PRIZE-WINNING ROSETTE TO MRS. K. ROBINSON, DRIVING MR. H. LANGTON'S *HANDSOME*.



BEING PRESENTED WITH THE WALTER WINANS CHALLENGE CUP FOR JUVENILE HUNTERS: MISS TESSA MASLIN ON *ARABELLA*.



COMPETING FOR THE CHALLENGE CUP FOR LADIES' HACKS: (L. TO R.) MRS. SELWYN BUTCHER (FIRST) ON *LIBERTY LIGHT*; MISS PAMELA WELLS ON *SOLITAIRE* (SECOND); AND MRS. V. D. S. WILLIAMS ON *CLOGHEEN* (THIRD).

The Golden Jubilee Richmond Royal Horse Show, held on June 8, 9 and 10, opened in brilliant sunshine. The number of entries was 1175, a record, and the attendance, already large in the morning, became even greater by evening. The Show, which is one of the finest held in the United Kingdom, attracts many of the best horses. The event has long been one of the chief social occasions of the London season. Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone, who have been identified



PRESENTED WITH THE BLAIRAVON CHALLENGE TROPHY FOR CHILDREN'S PONIES NOT EXCEEDING 13.2 HANDS: MISS STELLA HARRIES ON *ROVARA CHIPS*.

with this Show for many years, were present on the afternoon of the opening day. Perhaps the principal ring attraction on the opening day were the hack classes, which were numerically strong. Plenty of colour was afforded by the commercial classes in harness for ponies and cobs and for light and heavy vanners. A popular event, was the polo pony class. Another particularly interesting class was that for "juvenile hunters"; the winner, a six-year-old grey mare, is shown on this page.

The World of the Theatre.

AFFAIRS OF STATE.

By J. C. TREWIN.

I HAVE always had a tenderness for the passage in which Mr. Pickwick meets the literary Count Smorlork at Mrs. Leo Hunter's public breakfast—it sounds like another mad game of consequences—and observes to him politely: "The word politics, Sir, comprises in itself a difficult study of no inconsiderable magnitude."

Smorlork is delighted: "'Ah!' said the Count, drawing out the tablets again, 'ver good—fine words to begin a chapter. Chapter forty-seven. Politics. The word politics surprises by himself. . . .' And down went Mr. Pickwick's remark, in Count Smorlork's tablets, with such variations and additions as the Count's exuberant fancy suggested, or his imperfect knowledge of the language occasioned."

Dramatists have usually liked a good political theme: fine words to begin an evening. A Prime Minister gives an air to any cast, and few writers can resist the temptation to create a crisis and to solve it for themselves with a flourish of the pen. Lately, three political or semi-political plays appeared within a week, though none of them, I regret, had a Prime Minister. I was just beginning this article, when Sir Charles Cochran announced the sudden withdrawal of "The Ivory Tower" from the Vaudeville Theatre after a run of eight nights. This was disappointing; but the première, until the last act, had been oddly flat. William Templeton had based his play on recent history. In a Central European nation, Communists took control; the former Foreign Minister—who had been recalled from London—committed suicide by leaping from the balcony of his house. It was a quiet, dignified piece, one that opened very slowly indeed but ended with an exciting scene in which "Jan Daubek," the patriot, shot the Communist leader, an oily silkworm of a Professor, before moving towards the balcony and inevitable death. One scene could not make a play. Throughout, "The Ivory Tower" was sincere: it deserved respect, but we knew from the first what must happen: there could be little theatrical tension, and its lack was fatal.

Francis Lister and Michael Shepley, by the veracity of their performances, lifted the last scene. Mr. Lister acted Daubek, by no means an easy part, with a simplicity, a contained force, that could not have been excelled: there was not one false or frittering gesture. The play might have been produced with more variety and resource. Still, Mr. Templeton, resolved to be dignified and true, had denied himself purely theatrical aids. With his managers, Sir Charles Cochran and Lord Vivian, he deserved a better reward for valour. Even so, I doubt whether, at this time next year, anything about the play—except, maybe, the expressive eyes of Francis Lister—will hold the memory. It has been a victim of its own restraint.

I found more stirring in the theatre a little piece called—not very felicitously, I think—"The First Victoria," at the Embassy. This was all about Boadicea, Queen of the Iceni, and her fatal rising against the Romans over an unjust tax. Hal D. Stewart's Romans and Britons were not the usual period

furniture; their talk had life; Elspeth March looked as though she might well have led the Iceni. An unexpectedly fruitful evening; but the play—staged for a limited run—has vanished with "The Ivory Tower."

The third of the political trio, "His Excellency" (Princes), is more of a stage-play than Mr. Templeton's and less remote than "The First Victoria." It is competent theatre-stuff. A Socialist Governor is appointed to a British island-colony in the Mediterranean. He is a Yorkshireman who knows what he wants, and who will ram his way past a solid block of permanent officials to get it. Before the end he has

is smoking on a powder-magazine. Now and then the authors insist too much on finance, on the economics of the island. At one point in the second act we agree readily that politics comprises in itself a difficult study of no inconsiderable magnitude: plainly, Smorlork, with his tablets, is in the wings. This aside, the piece has often a dramatic sting, and its authors, Dorothy and Campbell Christie, have found a part for Eric Portman that no actor could resist and that must surely be the salvation of their work. His Excellency is an ex-docker, a sound Union and party man, a waterfall-talker when excited, honest to the core, and at times oaken-headed. Portman can set the fellow's whole career before us in a speech or so. The way in which he manages the ground-swell of the Yorkshire voice is an example to all players who jab blindly at dialect and hope for the best. Mr. and Mrs. Christie develop a new idea in political plays when they show how H.E. wins over a hostile crowd by impersonating a football referee. Keen politicians may object to this levity; but it is the best passage in a serio-comic play that has a deal of substance, with spirited

acting in its lesser parts—Sebastian Shaw and Annabel Maule are both in form—to see it through a vole evening.

Here were enough politics for one week. I have found little political enthusiasm elsewhere: nothing to speak of in a brittle comedy, "The Hat Trick" (Duke of York's), in which Gladys Cooper has had very bad luck; nothing, certainly, in "The Bells," at Camden Town, which without Irving must be like "Macbeth" without Macbeth; and nothing in a sound revival of "The Winter's Tale" at Regent's Park, where the courtiers of Sicilia and the peasants of Bohemia watch the barometer. On the whole, I do not think Count Smorlork would have got much help from our recent political plays. He would have been happier in the past. Mr. Shaw's

"The Apple Cart" would have set him scribbling wildly; or he might have enjoyed the straight hitting of St. John Ervine's undervalued "Private Enterprise"; or he might have travelled far back across the years and raised a puzzled eyebrow at Henry Arthur Jones's "The Bauble Shop," with its romantic inventions, or listened in shocked interest to Sir Robert Chiltern, Bart., Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, in Wilde's play, "An Ideal Husband."

He would probably have approved when Chiltern says: "Truth is a complex thing, and politics is a very complicated business. There are wheels within wheels." Did not Pickwick say so—or very nearly? But I feel that Smorlork would have been alarmed at such a speech as this: "The woman I love knows that I began my career with an act of low dishonesty, that I built up my life upon sands of shame—that I sold, like a common huckster, the secret that had been entrusted to me as a man of honour. I thank heaven poor Lord Radley died without knowing that I betrayed him." I would like to hear H.E. Eric Portman's Yorkshire retort to that. Leigh Hunt might have used for Sir Robert his phrase about "a tall spouting gentleman in tinsel." How many leagues removed from "The Ivory Tower"!

LEADING SINGERS FOR THE WAGNER SEASON AT COVENT GARDEN.



CONSTANCE SHACKLOCK, WHO IS SINGING IN "DER RING" AND IN "TRISTAN UND ISOLDE."



KIRSTEN FLAGSTAD, WHO IS APPEARING IN HER FAMOUS RÔLES OF BRUNNHILDE AND ISOLDE.



EDITH COATES, WHO IS SINGING IN BOTH CYCLES OF "DER RING DES NIBELUNGEN."



SET SVANHOLM, WHO SINGS SIEGFRIED IN "DER RING" AND TRISTAN IN "TRISTAN UND ISOLDE."



ANDREAS BOEHM, WHO SINGS WOTAN IN BOTH CYCLES OF "DER RING."

to shed a few skins of obstinacy. We imagine that henceforth he will work more or less in harmony with his advisers; but some may be inclined to doubt it. H.E. is a charge of gunpowder; anyone in his presence

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"HIS EXCELLENCE" (Princes).—Any Governor of a Mediterranean island-colony who is faced with an angry crowd, might take a hint from H.E. the Governor of Salva in this play, and have a referee's whistle at hand. The speech in which Eric Portman, as the British Governor—romping down the Left Wing—describes how he calmed the crowd, is the happiest moment in a serviceable piece, by Dorothy and Campbell Christie, that gives to Mr. Portman a chance for a first-rate character creation.

"THE WINTER'S TALE" (Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park).—Robert Atkins knows none better—how to school a company in the tragical-historical-romantic, and this is a good example of his method. The piece is acted with a forthright zeal.

"THE HAT TRICK" (Duke of York's).—You need not believe in the plot, which is a feeble invention about an ill-mannered sponger. Still, Thomas Brown has wit, and Gladys Cooper's comedy retains its style. These two gifts managed to cheer the evening. This time Miss Cooper—who appeared as a former woman cricketer—must be back in London to stay, though not in this comedy which is being withdrawn to-day (June 17).

"THE BELLS" (Bedford, Camden Town).—Frederick Valk is all too solid in the part Irving once filled with so much imaginative terror.

"STRATTON" (Mercury).—Ronald Duncan's "play of to-day" in verse and prose explains, more or less, why a Cornish landowner who became (transiently) a judge, shot his son, desired his daughter-in-law, and strangled his wife. William Devlin acts and speaks with the right vigour.

"THE FAMILY HONOUR" (New Lindsey).—Ireland in 1829, and the stratagem employed by four wild brothers to marry off their sister to a handsome young stranger. He would have married her anyway, and does. An amiable comedy, with one enchanting performance by Joan Maude.

"THE IVORY TOWER" (Vaudeville).—Francis Lister, most moving in his controlled grief, appeared as the doomed politician in a dignified play by William Templeton that lacked theatrical drive. (Withdrawn: June 3.)

PORTRAITURE AND TOPOGRAPHICAL LANDSCAPE IN A NOTABLE SALE.



"SIR ROBERT CLAYTON, BART., M.P. FOR MARDEN, 1769": BY T. GAINSBOROUGH, R.A. (1727-1788). FROM THE COLLECTION AT HARLEYFORD MANOR, MARLOW. (49 by 39 ins.)



"MRS. BILLINGTON, THE SINGER, DAUGHTER OF CARL WEICKSEL": BY J. HOPPNER, R.A. (1758-1810). EXHIBITED AT THE GUELPH EXHIBITION, 1890-I. (37 by 27 ins.)



"MISS CHARLOTTE FISH, DAUGHTER OF A LONDON MERCHANT": BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A. (1723-1792). ENGRAVED BY JAMES WATSON, 1770. (49½ by 39½ ins.)



"PRINCESSE DE CARAMAN CHIMAY": BY J. L. DAVID (1748-1825). SHE WEARS A WHITE DRESS WITH AN ORANGE SCARF AND STRAW BONNET. (24 by 19 ins.)



"A VIEW OF THE HORSE GUARDS PARADE, WITH STATE COACHES AND GROUPS OF LADIES AND GENTLEMEN": BY SAMUEL SCOTT (d. 1772). (26 by 32 ins.)



"A VIEW OF DRESDEN": BY BERNARDO BELOTO (c. 1724-1780). SIGNED "BELLOTO DETTO CANALETO. F. ANNO, 1747. DRESDA." FROM THE COLLECTION OF LORD HILLINGDON, 1946. (50 by 91 ins.)

A remarkably interesting collection of pictures by Old Masters is included in the sale due to take place at Christie's on Friday, June 23. The works to come under the hammer include paintings, the property of Major Sir John Fitzgerald, Bart., M.C., Knight of Kerry, the Earl of Haddington, M.C., Lady (Arthur) Vyvyan, the late Lady A. G. Clayton and others. Among the portraits are the beautiful Van Dyck of the Principe d'Angri, which was exhibited at Burlington House in 1900; a particularly charming representation of the Princesse de Caraman Chimay by David, from the collection of Lady Vyvyan, and Hoppner's well-known painting of Mrs. Billington, the singer, daughter of Carl Weicksel, and wife of James Billington, the actor. The Sir Joshua Reynolds, which, like the Hoppner and the

Samuel Scott that we reproduce, is the property of Major Sir John Fitzgerald, is a delightful portrait of Miss Charlotte Fish in a salmon-coloured dress, embroidered with small flowers, seated under trees in a landscape. The Bernardo Belotto view of Dresden—a city which suffered such irreparable damage in the war—shows the prospect, looking across the River Elbe towards the Brühl Terrace and the Frauenkirche; the Hofkirche, in course of construction, is on the right.



"THE PRINCIPPE D'ANGRI, A MEMBER OF THE NEAPOLITAN BRANCH OF THE DORIA FAMILY": BY SIR ANTHONY VAN DYCK (1599-1641). (49 by 37 ins.)



NO, there is nothing wrong with the title of this article. Figs. 1 and 2 are made of glass and not of porcelain, though it is more difficult to tell the difference from a photograph than it is in actuality. These pieces are whiter than the porcelain they set out to imitate, and of much less weight. They are

very fragile, and it is not surprising that they rarely come on the market. A rather similar opaque glass was made for a time at Stourbridge, and the common name for that is "milk-and-water"; these are Bristol pieces, and form part of the very good little collection of English glass in the Cecil Higgins Museum, Bedford.

The glass industry of Bristol—which was of great importance throughout the whole of the eighteenth century—still awaits its local historian; thanks to the researches of the late W. I. Pountney, we know much more about the potters, and form part of the very good little collection of English glass in the Cecil Higgins Museum, Bedford.

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FIG. 1. AN IMITATION IN BRISTOL OPAQUE GLASS OF CHINESE PORCELAIN: A SCENT-BOTTLE DECORATED BY MICHAEL EDDINS, c. 1760.

Frank Davis considers that Michael Edkins, who decorated this Bristol opaque glass scent-bottle in imitation of Chinese porcelain, "does get remarkably close to that good-humoured inconsequence which is so characteristic of the Chinese...."

who, during a few brief years produced some delightful tin-enamelled ware (Bristol Delft is the familiar name) until the more useful Staffordshire china supplanted it. But there is one gifted personality who provides a link between the pottery and glass house, not as a technician, but as a decorator, and his hand is to me unmistakable in the little scent-bottle of Fig. 1, though the museum does not mention him in the brief details sent with the photograph. Michael Edkins came to Bristol from Birmingham, and set his hand to many tasks. He painted emblazoned arms on coaches; he painted scenery for the Bristol theatre; he painted decorations on either side of the altar in Redcliffe Church (I am told these are still visible); he could sing and act, and even reached Covent Garden. He seems to have been friendly with Powell, one of the proprietors, and when Powell quarrelled with his partners, Edkins returned to Bristol and resumed his work for the potters and glass-makers. As far as I know, he specialised in the pseudo-Chinese designs of which this is a typical example—attempts to give his name to other pieces in other styles do not seem to be wholly convincing. Where he is so good is in his avoidance of overcrowding and in his sense of balance—virtues which can be more easily recognised when he is painting a landscape on a flat plate than a single figure on a small bottle.

Moreover, he does get remarkably close to that good-humoured inconsequence which is so characteristic of the Chinese—this little figure seems to have strayed on to the bottle and to be a trifle surprised at finding itself the subject of a miniature painting. To be able to work in this delicate and subtle manner is no small achievement. The vases with covers of Fig. 2, decorated with sprays of flowers, are presumably by a different hand—much more precise and naturalistic, as are certain pieces painted

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. TALKING ABOUT GLASS.

Reviewed by FRANK DAVIS.

with delightful little birds (I am thinking specially of two in the Victoria and Albert Museum).

It is, I suppose, just possible that a particularly versatile man might paint in two very different manners, just as a very competent actor could appear on the stage not as himself, but as two entirely different people. You can, if you wish, imagine the obviously able Edkins painting very English sprays of flowers one day and assuming a near-genuine Oriental mantle the next, but for my part I find that very difficult. Not even a very great man could succeed in so submerging his own personality; consider Boucher's experiments in Chinoiserie—they are

unmistakably Boucher. On the other hand, Edkins was a little man and one could argue that only little men are good imitators. On the whole, we have to regard him as one of the very few copyists who manage to preserve the spirit of their models and do not produce a mere lifeless translation.

A good deal has been written about the symbolism of the various engravings on these and similar glasses. Here is a very brief summary. The "White Rose of the Stuarts" was the badge of the White Rose Society,



FIG. 2. PAINTED WITH SPRAYS OF FLOWERS IN ENAMEL COLOURS TO IMITATE CHINESE PORCELAIN: A SET OF THREE BRISTOL OPAQUE GLASS VASES AND COVERS.

The pieces of Bristol opaque glass made to imitate Chinese porcelain reproduced in this photograph are, like the scent-bottle in Fig. 1, whiter than the porcelain they set out to copy, and of much less weight. They are very fragile, and it is not surprising that they rarely come on the market.

and the rose has, as a rule, either one or two natural buds, in reference to King James III. and his two sons, Charles and Henry.

Certain early glasses have one bud; that is—it is thought—they date from before the birth of Henry in 1725. But Henry became a Catholic priest in 1747 and Cardinal in 1749. This gave great offence to many Protestant Jacobites, and so, it is said, glasses made after this date reverted to one rose and one bud. One or two rare examples symbolise that the cause is indeed lost—a caterpillar feeding on an oak-leaf stalk is one, another shows the rose covered by a spider's web and the motto *TEMPORA MUTANTUR*. The Prince's portrait in Fig. 4 is framed by rose and thistle. It is all very treasonable, no doubt, but the fact that so many of these engraved glasses have survived seems to show that the Government of the day after the Culloden battle felt strong enough to ignore Jacobite activity; within a few years these glasses merely served to remind a new generation of a nostalgic past. None the less, it must once upon a time have required courage to sing the first verse of the National Anthem as we know it, and then proceed to the following version:

God save the Church, I pray,
God bless the Church, I pray,
Pure to remain,
Against all heresy
And Whig's hypocrasie
Who strive maliciously
Her to defame.



FIG. 3. BEARING JACOBITE SYMBOLS AND THE MOTTO OF THE CYCLE OF THE WHITE ROSE CLUB: A MID-EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ENGRAVED WINE-GLASS.

This wine-glass bears the inscription "FIAT," the motto of the Jacobite Club—the Cycle of the White Rose Club—which was founded in 1710, and which met at Wrexham after being reconstituted in 1724.

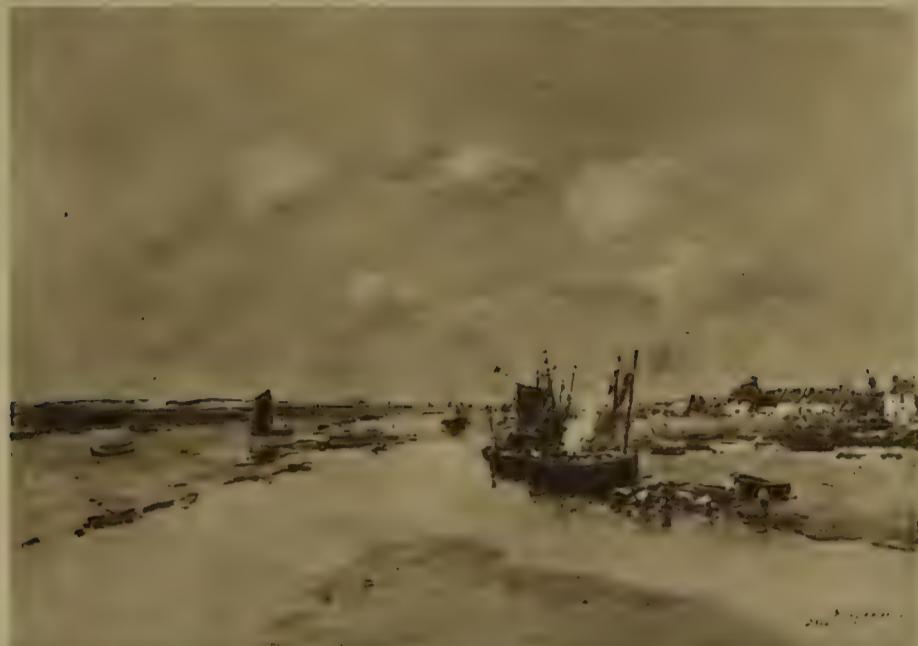
Illustrations Reproduced by Courtesy of the Cecil Higgins Museum, Bedford.

so many brave men were willing to lay down their lives, and the other glasses on this page are more than interesting examples of a noble craft—they have the sentimental and melancholy interest which attaches to lost causes. All three are mid-eighteenth-century with air-twist stems. Fig. 3 bears the inscription *FIAT*, the motto of the Jacobite Club—the Cycle of the White Rose Club—which was founded in 1710, and which met at Wrexham after being reconstituted in 1724. The members held their

God bless the subjects all,
And save both great and small
In every station,
That will bring home the King
Who hath best right to reign,
It is the only thing
Can save the Nation.
Amen.

And when Amen is engraved upon a glass, as it sometimes is, these are the sentiments referred to.

OLD MASTERS IN LONDON—FROM FOUR CENTURIES AND FOUR COUNTRIES.



"DON GARCIA DE' MEDICI, THIRD SON OF COSIMO I.": BY ALESSANDRO BRONZINO (1502-1572). AT ONE TIME IN THE HAMILTON PALACE COLLECTION. (Panel 44 by 32½ ins.)



"LE VIEILLARD JALOUX": BY LOUIS-LEOPOLD BOILLY (1761-1845). ONE OF A PAIR FROM THE COLLECTIONS OF THE MARQUESS OF HERTFORD AND SIR RICHARD WALLACE. (15 by 18 ins.)



"LUKAS REM, THE SCENT MERCHANT OF AUGSBURG": BY HANS BALDUNG (c. 1480-1545). FORMERLY IN THE COOK COLLECTION. (Dated 1522; panel 18 by 12½ ins.)



"A FAMILY IN A LANDSCAPE": BY PIETER CORNELISZ VAN SLINGELANDT (1640-1691). FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE DUC DE MORNAY. (28½ by 34 ins.)



"THE BACKGAMMON PLAYERS": BY BENJAMIN WILSON (1721-1788), THE ARTIST WHO SUCCEEDED HOGARTH AS SERJEANT PAINTER IN 1761. (40 by 45 ins.)

The paintings reproduced on this page are on view in the Summer Exhibition of Fine Pictures by Old Masters at Agnew's Galleries in Old Bond Street, which opened recently and will continue throughout June and July. German, French, British, Italian and Netherlands artists are represented, and the exhibition also ranges over a wide field in time. The works we reproduce include pictures of the sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and the exhibition also contains a painting by Mabuse (c. 1471-1533), and one by a little-known German artist, Johann Koerbecke,

active in the middle of the fifteenth century. Boudin, the nineteenth-century French painter, who was influenced by both Corot and Jongkind, is represented by a characteristic landscape of the northern coast of France. Those who know Holland will be interested by the fact that the Lange Voorhout at The Hague has changed remarkably little since J.-E. La Fargue painted it in 1760. The Boilly "Le Vieillard Jaloux" ("The Jealous Old Man") is one of a pair of "scènes galantes" of outstanding quality, both engraved by Petit.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

IT was a melancholy moment when we took leave, or seemed to be taking leave, of the most brilliant sailor in fiction. Yet even then I had a feeling that he might not be gone for good, though Mr. C. S. Forester had brought him up against a dead wall—the wall of peace in Europe, which seemed to finish him and be the end of the story. Nothing could follow that but anticlimax. Yet my hopes were not vain; for now we meet him at the other end, as "Mr. Midshipman Hornblower" (Michael Joseph; 9s. 6d.).

It is a compliment to say that he has no surprises. From his first day on his first ship, green, miserable and seventeen, he is precisely the man we knew; only at seventeen, which makes no great difference. And of course the author does not keep him waiting around; he learns his business in the full tide of action. There, as usual, the surprise comes in—and the inventive genius, dodging all beaten tracks, and turning straight heroics into something odder and far more lifelike. The period is so completely mastered, the events have such a real flavour, that one is for ever tempted to believe every word. Take one example of surprise. The leading naval episode in this book is Cape St. Vincent; but its striking quality and its importance to the young Hornblower reside entirely in the fact that he was not there. Which substitutes an individual and thrilling moment for the labour of a set piece; and leaves our hero in possession of the stage, as he ought to be.

Since he is too junior for a grand exploit, the tale was bound to be episodic, a string of anecdotes; and so one can't give an outline. Briefly, he first develops his resource against the tyrant of his first ship. Then he takes part in the blockade, with its endless boredom and its short bursts of wild activity. He shares in an abortive landing on the French coast. He meets the plague in Oran, and finds a simple yet ingenious answer to this new problem. He is promoted—in a Spanish gaol. A fine start, a rare succession of achievements. In other hands it would be too much, it would be glamour undiluted: not in these stories, where action has a taint and even glory a dash of bitterness. The hero never lets himself off, and could not wallow in his triumphs even if he had time. But time, in any case, is not allowed him. All the stress is on his bad moments; victory is always a little spoilt, or if complete and final, it descends like a shutter. And so we feel he is pathetic. From first to last he has the pathos of reality and introspection, which goes much deeper than romance and charm.

But still the theme is action, and the lines are clear-cut. There is a different, more perplexing quality in "Out of the Square," by Peter de Polnay (Hutchinson; 12s. 6d.). No one could think that Mr. Forester had "promise" or might yet arrive; he found his gift long ago, and being in full command of it is rather easy to judge. Mr. de Polnay's gifts are in the plural, and include a charming originality. He has improved them in a sense, and has been much praised. And yet his first, and glaringly imperfect novel was to me the exciting one, for then I thought he would arrive. I don't think he has, and now I doubt if he ever will. Yet, since he is always charming and has gained, as well, a smooth competence, it seems unreasonable to complain or feel he should have done better.

This story is a Florentine fairy-tale. The war is over, and the tourists are coming back; the square is full of beggars and of street vendors. Mostly, the children peddle cigarettes—"Americane, Inglese, Svizzere"—made from the sweepings of the street and recommended by hard-luck stories. Mario, at fourteen, is very good at it; his life is organised and self-respecting. But Giovanna should not be there at all. She is a fool, a half-wit, who believes that she can "make miracles" and talks incessantly about the little angels. Mario's first impulse is to drive her off the square. But then, instead, he is induced to become her guardian.

And so Giovanna follows him around, and makes miracles. And half unconsciously, they brush against other lives. There is a returning prodigal, afraid of the fatted calf: a rich American eccentric with a cult of despair: a rich idealist, incapable of living first-hand: a woman tortured by remorse, and seeking vainly for absolution: a frustrated painter with a restaurant and a too-young wife. All these, within the limits of their nature, receive the influence and make a fresh start. Meanwhile the ragged girl and her protector, like Browning's Pippa, just wander on; only the last miracle is for themselves; and works out their own salvation. It is a most charming story: unequal, certainly, but pleasing all through.

"A Town Like Alice," by Nevil Shute (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.), has all the earmarks of a best-seller. It is journalism in the guise of fiction, and goes down admirably, though as a work of art it could not be designed worse. The first half is about a group of women and children, captured in Malaya and condemned to march back and forth, in hopeless and eternal quest of a prison camp. Nobody will take them on, and so they have to keep moving, burying their dead as they go. This really happened in Sumatra. Here the central figure is a girl called Jean Paget; on her return to England, she inherits a modest fortune—and the second part is in Australia. She is in love with an Australian soldier who nearly died for her: hence a transition to the ways and problems of the "outback." With great perversity I came to dislike this Jean, a perfect woman nobly planned. And her solicitor, who tells the story and adores her, is a clumsy invention, always on the point of breaking down altogether. But the Malayan and Australian subjects are full of interest.

In "The Darker the Night," by Herbert Brean (Heinemann; 8s. 6d.), an old gentleman from Cleveland falls out of his window on the twenty-sixth floor of a New York hotel. The first suggestion is dizziness, but Robert Frame, the amateur sleuth of "Wilders Walk Away," decides for murder. His investigations lead him to a café clique and a professional hypnotist. The narrative is lively, and the sleuthing not bad at all; but still it isn't equal to the author's first story. But there is one fantastic and engaging character, a Rip Van Winkle of Capone's day, who has been hiding out for twenty years to await the come-back. He doesn't know it has been twenty years, and of the come-back he has no doubt whatever—"This legal booze can't last."

CHESS NOTES.

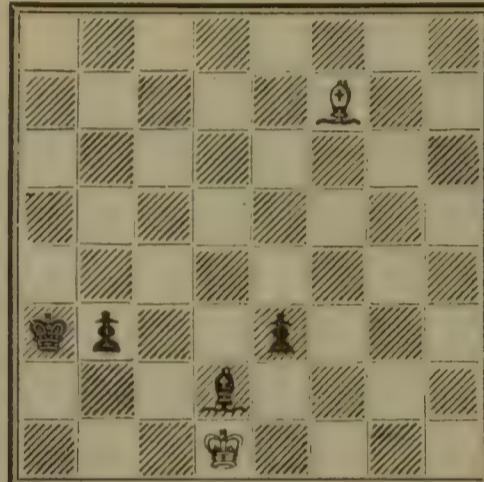
By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

AS an elementary geometrical consequence of the nature of its move, a bishop functions on squares of the same colour throughout the game. If it starts on a white square, it can never get on to a black, and vice versa.

If exchanges leave the players with just one bishop each, and these bishops inhabit differently coloured squares, they can only make rings round each other, never coming face to face, and the tendency to a drawn game is, as we mentioned recently, pronounced.

V. Chekhov, a Russian analyst, furnishes an interesting analysis of the type of play in this ending. In the diagram, Black (playing down the board), though he is two pawns to the good and they are each within two moves of queening, cannot win if White plays with care.

BLACK.



WHITE.

Black is threatening 1. ... P-Kt7 and if 2. B-Kt6, K-R7 followed by ... P-Kt8(Q), so White goes 1. B-Kt6.

Now, if 1. ... P-Kt7; 2. B-Kt1, K-Kt6; 3. K-Q2 and, as trial reveals, Black is helpless in the face of White's command of the white squares; as long as White exercises reasonable care, Black can get nowhere.

So perhaps Black tries instead (after 1. B-Kt6) 1. ... K-Kt7, intending 2. ... K-R8 and 3. ... P-Kt7. White now goes 2. B-B7 so that 2. ... K-R8 would simply give away the pawn; on the other hand, 2. ... K-R6; 3. B-Kt6, would return us to the starting position. So, as a last resource, Black tries 2. ... K-R7. But now the pawn is pinned and cannot advance. So White temporises with 3. B-K6. But now, after 3. ... K-R6; 4. B-B5, we are, essentially, back where we were.

Chekhov goes even further, demonstrating that even three pawns up, Black might not be able to win. Transfer the Black king in the diagram to Black's QKt4 and add a black pawn at Q2.

White can now draw by 1. B-K8!—the only move.

Now, if 1. ... K-Kt5; 2. BxP, K-R6; 3. B-B5, we have reached the position with which our previous analysis ended and which we know is drawn.

So Black cannot rush things, he must protect the attacked pawn. 1. ... K-B3. Now comes 2. K-K2! (again the only move; 2. B-B7, P-Q4 loses).

Now if 2. ... K-B2 or 2. ... K-Q3, White can reply 3. B-B7, and the queen's pawn cannot advance. If he tries 2. ... P-Kt7, White by 3. B-Kt6 sets up the same blockade of the white squares against which Black was so helpless before; the presence of the additional pawn makes not a scrap of difference, the essential factor being that White can always guard his Q3 square with both K and B when desired so that the pawn can never advance there.

A possible sequel might be 2. ... B-B8; 3. K-Q1, B-Kt7; 4. K-K2, B-Q5; 5. K-Q1, K-Q3 (threatening ... K-K2 and ... P-Q4); 6. B-B7! P-Kt7; 7. B-Kt6, K-B4; 8. K-K2, P-Q4; 9. B-B5, K-Kt5; 10. B-Kt6, K-R6; 11. B-Kt1, K-Kt6; 12. K-Q1, K-B6; 13. K-K2, B-B4; 14. K-Q1, P-Q5; 15. K-K2, K-Kt6; 16. K-Q3, etc.

Can you find anything better for Black? I should be surprised if you could!

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

FACT AND FALLACY.

FROM time to time one comes across a book which, while it has no pretensions to literary skill, provides no high excitement, nevertheless cannot be put down until it is finished. The "Kon-Tiki Expedition" is one such, and that fascinating book, "The Hunting Wasp," by John Crompton, which appeared a year or two ago, is another. And "Elephant Bill," by Lieut.-Colonel J. H. Williams (Hart Davis; 18s.), is undoubtedly a third. "Elephant Bill" has been the author's nickname for the last twenty years, during which time he has been training, working and caring for elephants in the Burma teak forests. As I say, here are no pretensions to literary graces—though many a young professional writer might do well to admire his spare style and his use of the short sentence. Colonel Williams tells his story of the elephants as a good tale should be told—straightforwardly, even conversationally. A sample which pleased me is his description of elephant surgery:

"It needs confidence to walk under an elephant's jaw and tusks, armed with a bellied knife with a ten-inch blade four inches across in one's left hand, and a six-pound wooden club in the right hand, and then tell him to hold up his head while you drive the knife up to the hilt into a huge abscess on his chest with one blow of the mallet." Colonel Williams—though he stresses the docility of the elephant, which seems to realise that its owner is trying to help him—adds a rider that: "One blow of the mallet is all you can get—if you try another, you must look out for squalls. The elephant does not like it." This example of understatement—perfect litotes (for the abscess can be as much as 4 ft. across)—will give you the flavour of the author's quiet sense of humour.

I can well understand the Fourteenth Army making "Elephant Bill" their elephant adviser and that, in gratitude for the work he and his elephants did, Field Marshal Sir William Slim should have written the foreword to the book. For the elephants and their Burmese "oozies" which Elephant Bill got out of Burma during the Japanese invasion proved invaluable, and the retreat through untracked jungle and along precipitous mountain tracks equalled and possibly surpassed Hannibal'sfeat in crossing the Alps. This feat Elephant Bill discusses in the tones of one technician commenting sympathetically on the problems of another. He is not convinced that the popular theory that the African elephant can never be trained to serve man docilely is correct (he believes that failure to train the African elephant may be due to the black man's inability to handle them, which was demonstrated once more in Burma, where the African troops showed considerable fear of the elephants). But he is puzzled by the suggestion that Hannibal's elephants were African. He thinks it possible that the Carthaginians may have imported young domesticated elephants by sea from India to Iraq, and then marched them overland to Tyre for reshipment to Carthage, or overland through Egypt and Cyrenaica. It is an interesting theory. There is a certain amount of big-game shooting described in a book about a part of the world where it abounds, but after he had shot four wild elephants, Colonel Williams found he had acquired such an understanding of and love for the great animals that he could not bring himself to shoot any more.

Mr. Montagu Stevens—the ninety-one-year-old author of "Meet Mr. Grizzly" (Robert Hale; 15s.) describes how, after spending half a lifetime hunting grizzlies in the Rockies, he took the accidental poisoning of his hunting-dogs as a turning-point, and "hanging up my rifle on the wall . . . became a zealous convert to their preservation, to prevent so noble an animal becoming extinct." Mr. Stevens is an Englishman, but went out to the United States soon after coming down from Cambridge. Ranching and hunting in the West when Apaches were still on the warpath must have been a curious contrast to Trinity Great Court. In the Rockies he developed the technique of hunting grizzlies and other bears by "the trailing method"—that is to say, on horseback, with two sets of dogs. Hounds, including bloodhounds, were used to follow the bear which went fast and considerable distances in rough country, and "fighting dogs" (which seem to have been everything from bull-terriers to fox-terriers) were used to bay him. Incidentally, describing his fighting dogs closing in on a bear, Mr. Stevens debunks the theory that "bears hug," not amicably, like human beings, but aggressively. He has, he says, "seen numberless bear and dog fights, but have never seen the least tendency on the part of the bear to hug his opponent."

This should find inclusion in "Popular Fallacies," by A. S. E. Ackerman (Old Westminster Press; 30s.). This fascinating collection of illusions, in most of which we implicitly believe, has, I think, its dangers. It mayadden as well as entertain. I can see, for instance, considerable heartburnings on the part of recent travellers on being told that "it is a fallacy that the Bay of Biscay is frequently or unusually rough." I am glad to see the hoary "that Wellington said 'Up Guards and at 'em'" exposed. But I am sorry that there is listed as apocryphal a charming anecdote about Lord Cardigan. He asked a friend who a passer-by was to whom he had raised his hat. On being told "Tennyson," Cardigan said, "Well, when you meet him next, ask him from me why he wrote all that damned nonsense about Balaclava."

While on the subject of the bizarre I must draw attention to "Beards," by Reginald Reynolds (Allen and Unwin; 18s.). I had never, I must confess, considered the historical, economic or, indeed, the theological implications of man's natural appendage, the source of so much daily discomfort. Nor had I conceived that anyone could have made a book out of the subject. But Reynolds has—and one compact of wit and learning. Most excellent, cultivated fooling.

I wish, too, I had more space to give to the "Long Week-end," by Robert Graves and Alan Hodge (Faber; 16s.), a misleading title for an interesting social history of Britain between the wars. If it lacks the "bite" of Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge's classic, "The Thirties," and at times displays some of the political ingenuousness of the '30's themselves, it is a valuable book—with some invaluable lessons to be learnt.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

K. JOHN.

This England . . .



Tarn Hows—Lake District.

OF ALL the Englands that go to make this England, that of "the lakes" differs perhaps more than all. And each of us will think his favourite lake—studded maybe with little isles that fascinate the boy in us—to be the loveliest of all. Yet this is still England, bank and tree, cart-rut and sheltered farm, the common things of life proclaim it. And so it is, climber or walker or simple beauty-seeking tourist, that here too—your lungs filled with the crisp air, your coat sodden upon your back (for it can rain in these parts)—you will find another good thing common to English life . . . Your sunfilled Bass or Worthington, rich-brewed to soothe fatigue and keep your heart alift till dusk shall steal the beauty from your eyes.

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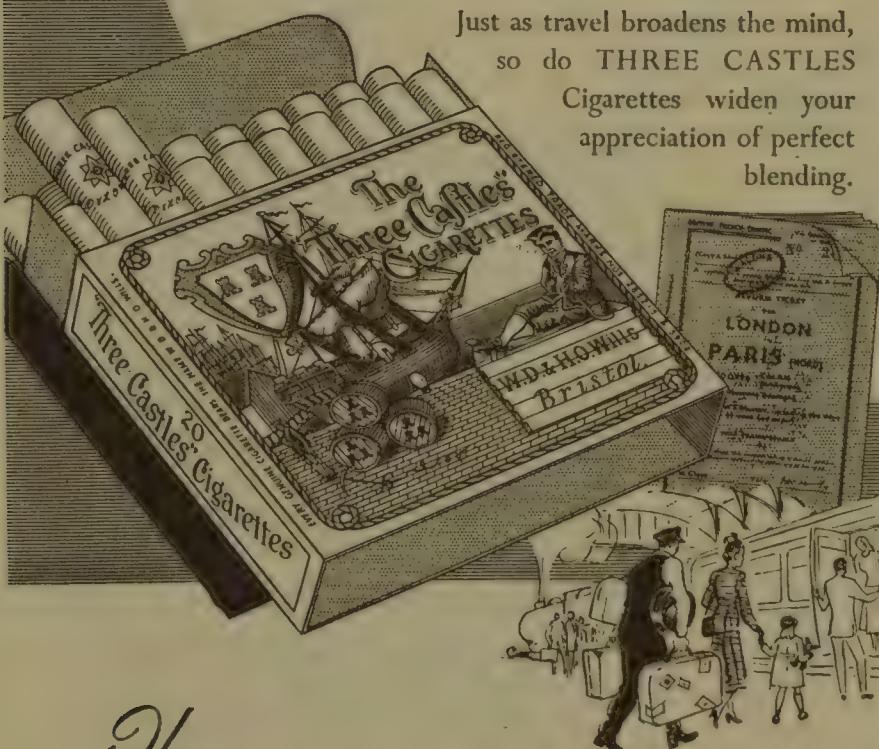
Writing of the Mark V Jaguar in the *Daily Mail*, Courtenay Edwards says:—"Everything about it, the feel of it, the way it goes, the way it sounds and the way it looks has distinction! Its engine is as docile in city streets as it is impatiently fast on the open road... I particularly liked the new steering which is light, positive, self-centring and free from road shocks. It corners like a racing car yet the springing with extra long torsion bars for the independent front suspension gives a delightfully smooth ride."

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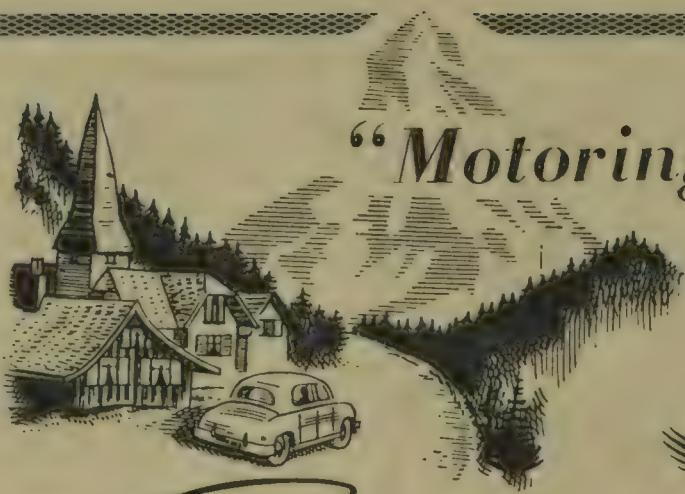
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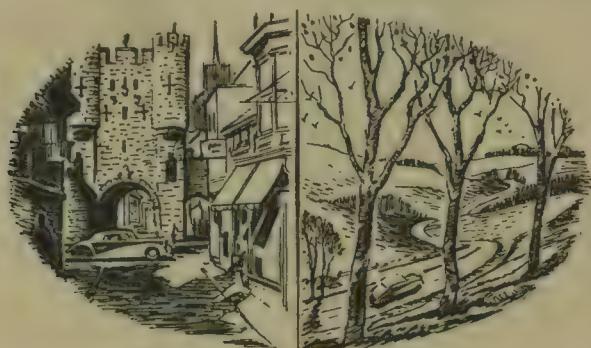
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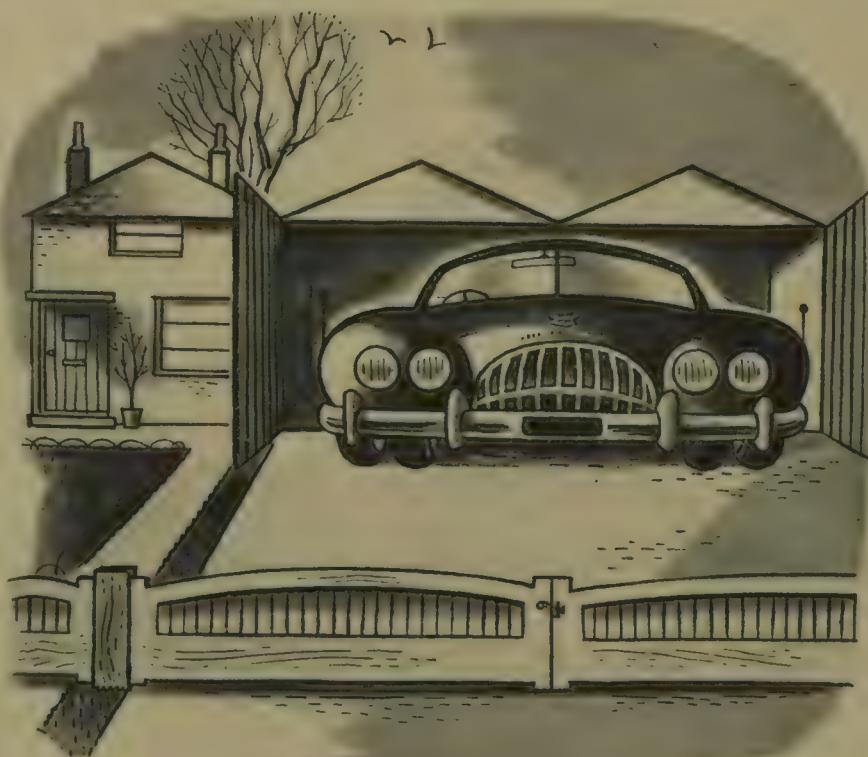


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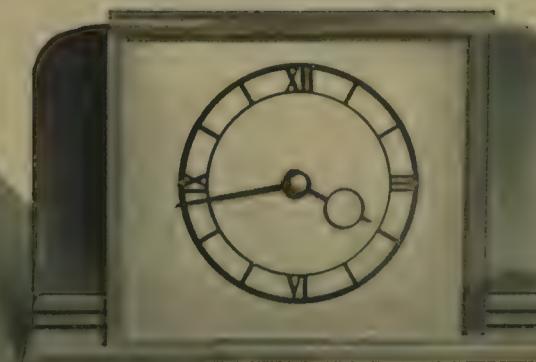
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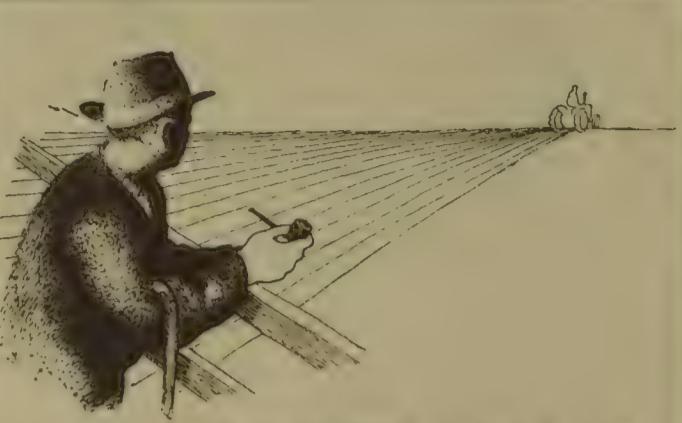
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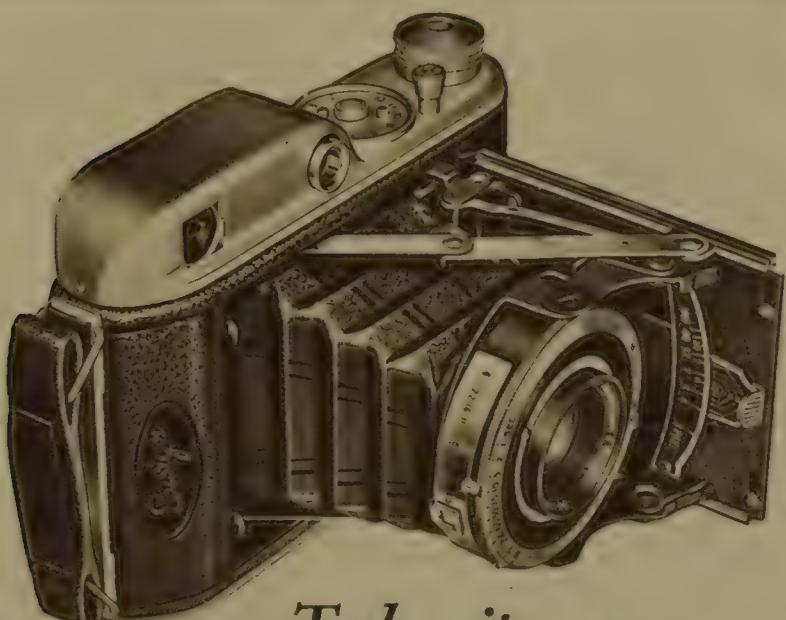
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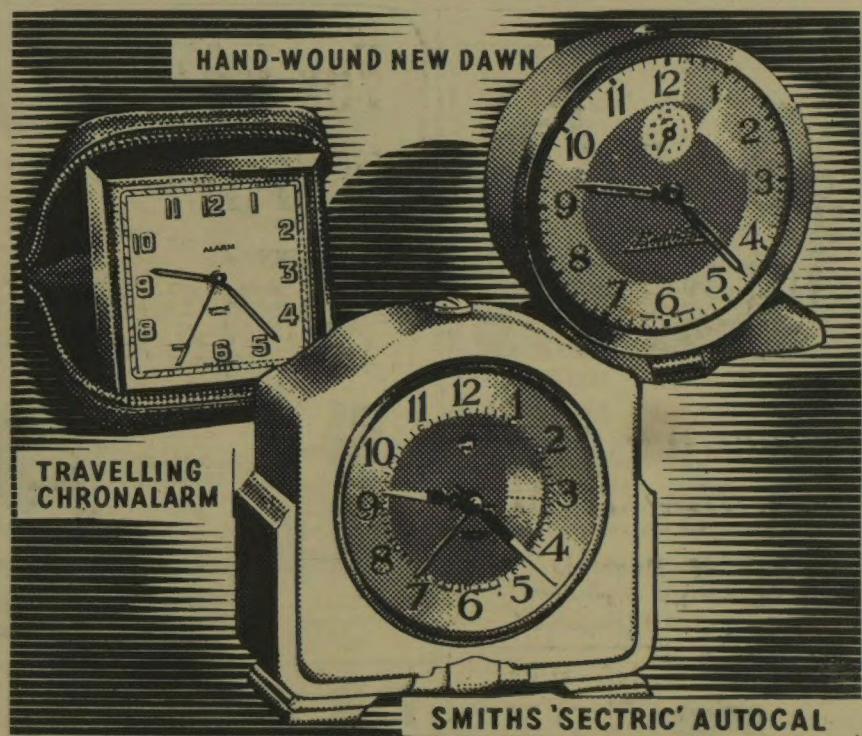
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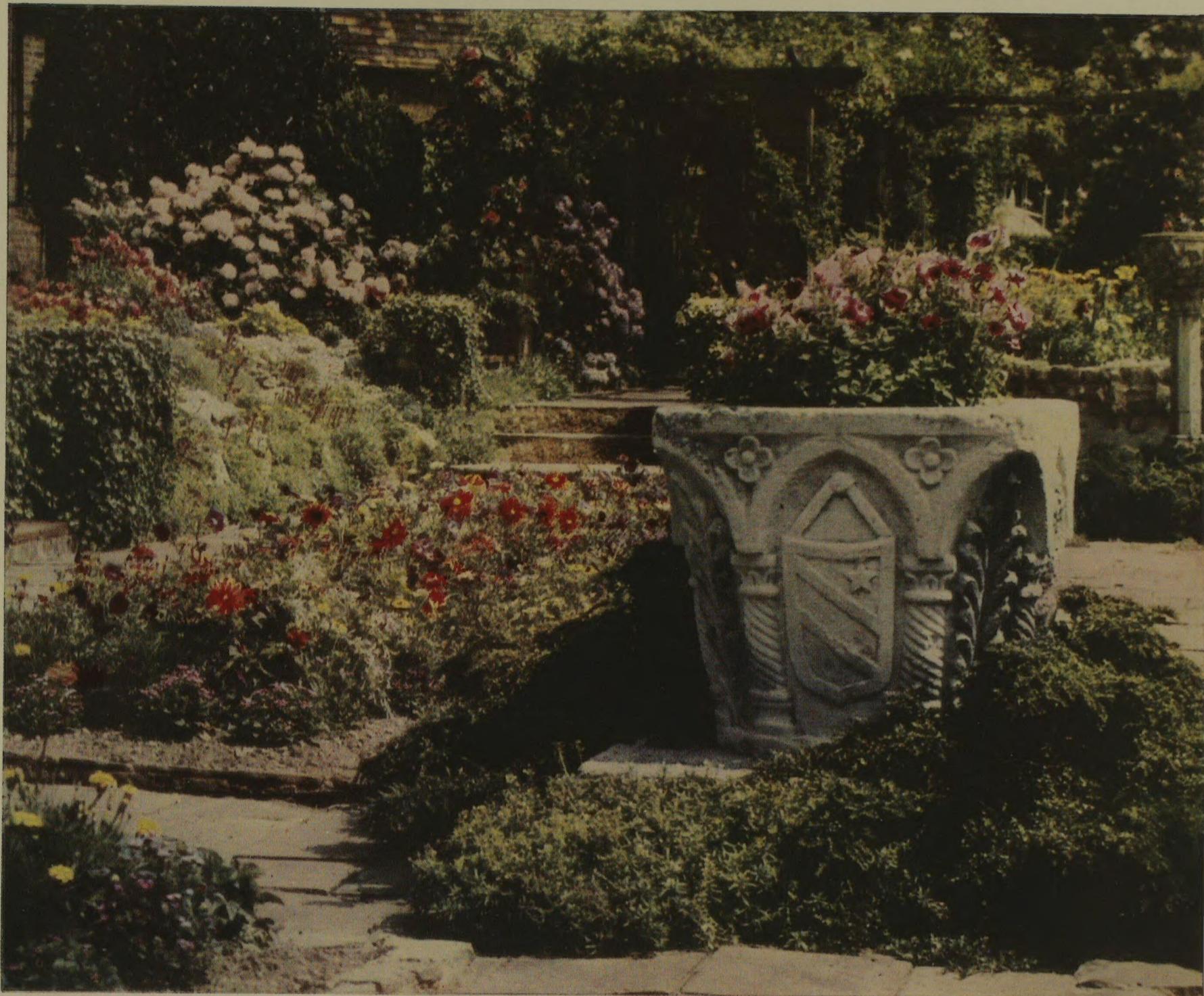
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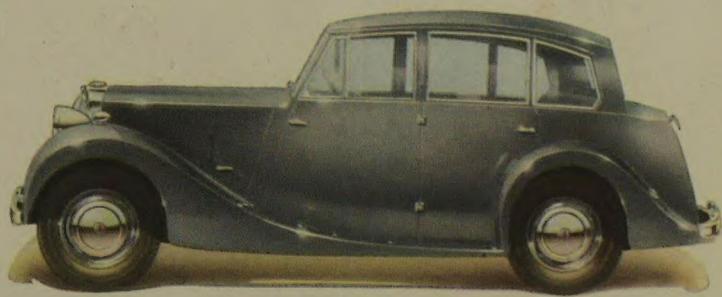


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